The Outlook

Volume 142 March 17, 1926 Number 11

Justice Holmes at Eighty-Five

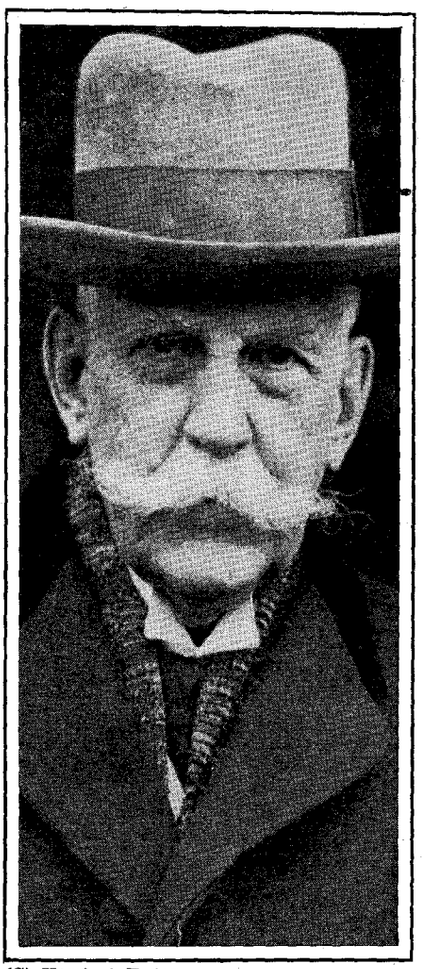
AT an age when many men are thinking of retiring Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the famous "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," began his chief service to the Nation. It was in 1902 that he was appointed Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Roosevelt. For twenty-four years he has been contributing to the development of the American Constitution by his opinions, sometimes in confirmation of the prevailing decision and sometimes in dissent. Scholarly in the law, he is acquainted with life. He has that attribute, none too common in judges, of thinking in terms of human beings rather than in terms of documents. He has not only learning, but imagination; and because he can think clearly he can write clearly. He was only twenty years old when, upon graduating from Harvard, he enlisted in the Civil War. During the forty years that elapsed between that day and his appointment to the Federal Supreme bench he was first a teacher of law and then a judge, finally the Chief Justice, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. On March 8 he reached the age of eighty-five, and still he serves with all his vigor and clearness of mind. He is one of the Republic's servants of modern times most worthy of honor.

A Railway Merger Disallowed

THE railroad merger plan of the Van Sweringen brothers has been disapproved by the Inter-State Commerce Commission on the ground that, while it is sound from the standpoint of transportation, it is financially unsound. The Commission holds that the plan was arranged with the intention of keeping control in the hands of its proponents, though their interest is a minority one; that non-consenting stockholders are given no option, but must exchange their stock in the various companies for stock in the consolidation; and that short lines and weak systems which logically should be included in the merger were left out.

The roads which it was sought to merge are the Nickel Plate, the Erie, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Hocking Valley, and the Père Marquette, with lines stretching from New York to St. Louis and from Norfolk to Chicago. If the plan had been approved, the Van Sweringen lines would have constituted the biggest railroad system in the world.

Here comes to the attention a queer fact. We think, naturally, of railroads as big things. We think of bakeries as small things. And yet the railroad properties which were to have been merged under the Van Sweringen plan are worth only a little more than half as much as the bakery and allied properties involved in the Ward merger, recently thwarted by Federal court action.



(C) Harris & Ewing

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes

The Van Sweringen effort at consolidation may or may not be renewed. There is, however, nothing in the decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission which can be taken as a precedent against the merging of railroads. The Commission simply found that some of the financial features of the plan would not be beneficial either to the owners or to the public.

No Place for Lambs

SUDDEN and sensational stock-market smashes such as that which produced so remarkable a spectacle on the New York Stock Exchange on March 2 and 3 must have a cause. How to determine the cause is quite another question. If we could determine it, we would be a long way toward being able to forecast this type of *bouleversement*. In the absence of some of the facts, however, we can adduce a few which will throw light on the problem.

The stock market is not at all a mysterious institution. It is, as the name implies, an exchange at which buyer and seller meet, through agents. They meet, presumably, for their mutual profit, and they meet, moreover, in part for speculative profits. In one sense there is no difference between the New York Stock Exchange and the individual buyer and seller of, let us say, a horse. In another sense, however, there is a vast and a determining difference. On the stock exchanges transactions are made public. On the stock exchanges there are hidden influences which the public suspects but which it can rarely see or know. And, lastly, on the stock exchanges, because of the number of people and the volume of business done, crowd psychology enters in. Now it is well known that when a man becomes a member of a true crowd his actions and reactions are profoundly modified by that association and he is pulled by a force which may influence for the worse his own normally sound judgment. This is a constant factor in the stock-market situation at any and at all times.

It is quite easy for a group or pool of men with margin money and collateral to run up the price of any given stock in the practical certainty that they can sell it at a high price and pocket fairly easy and considerable profits. They take advantage of their knowledge of the elementary crowd psychology; members of the crowd themselves, they lead it in this respect. Just who profited by the bull market and who won the most when it

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crashed will never be known, but it is a certainty that some did. It is equally a certainty that the small investor and, with some exceptions, the small margin trader did not so profit. The game was not for him.

Some of the "highs" reached at the climax of the market are not unduly inflated values for certain stocks. There is probably sufficient potential earning power and sufficient physical and cash assets back of some of the corporations whose stocks rose violently to warrant such rises. In these instances those who heavily discounted the future were not necessarily gambling. But the plain lesson of the crash, both to the small man who was lucky enough to make money and to the small man who lost, is that this is not a game for the individual who does not enter it with his eyes wide open to the risks, who, even if he has his eyes wide open, cannot afford to take the risks.

The investor whose stocks have suffered need not worry very much. If he really invested, if he studied before he bought, and if he bought intelligently, even though the market value of his holdings is to-day less than what he paid, he need not be greatly disturbed.

One last word. The crash, while it may forecast a depression far off, does not reveal any essential unsoundness in the fundamental business situation.

Profiting by Confidential Knowledge

THE Income Tax Law is better than the income tax machinery.

That is the conclusion reached by John W. O'Leary, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, as the result of a study made by business organizations of the Tax Law of 1926 and of collection methods.

Mr. O'Leary refers to "the large number of intricate and important cases covering many years that are still unclosed in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, visiting their burden of uncertainty and risk upon the entire business community." He says that there is not adequate recognition of "the unquestioned right of the taxpayer to secure prompt and conclusive determination of his tax." The work of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, he says, is now some years behind.

Mr. O'Leary has not made a discovery, but he has courageously called attention to some of the conditions that have aroused grave fear on the part of other observers that the tax administration agencies are getting so far behind with their work that they can never catch up.

At least one constructive suggestion is made by Mr. O'Leary. A service of career men, he says, must be established in tax administration if an efficient organization is to be secured and maintained.

Mr. O'Leary may or may not know it, but the tax administration has for several years attracted a great many "career men." The career, however, is not exactly the one that Mr. O'Leary has in mind. He is thinking of a corps of men who will enter the revenue service of the Government as their life-work. The "career men" who are now in it, and have been in and out of it for the past several years, simply support themselves on a Government salary until they acquire a familiarity with income-tax work that will enable them to make careers for themselves on the outside. When they reach the point where they might be worth something to the Government, they resign to become expert income-tax advisers for fees. Sometimes they form their contacts—actually secure their clients—while they are still drawing Government pay and as a result of inside information, not to say pull, in the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

It might be a step toward getting the kind of career men that Mr. O'Leary wants to do something about the "career men" who are now in the Bureau—or in private practice in Washington drawing fat fees for private use of the information they gathered while Uncle Sam was paying for their bed and board.

Has a man the legal right to engage in a business that, for all practical purposes, amounts to practicing before the Internal Revenue Bureau immediately after going off that Bureau's pay-roll? We do not say that he has not. But we are fairly sure that he should not have. It is a question worth looking into, even by Congress. It is going to be very hard to build up a corps of career men in the service while, by going outside, a man can make a great deal more money by the use of the same confidential knowledge that he would have to use on the inside.

Air Plans for Army and Navy

CIVIL aviation has had no pleader for it with a talent for publicity. As a consequence military aviation, which Mitchell made news, and, by a sort of induction, Naval aviation have had a disproportionate attention both from the public and from Congress. It is disproportionate alike to the importance of civil aviation and to the importance of other requirements of the Army and Navy.

Committees of the House of Representatives have been trying to iron out wrinkles in both military and naval aviation plans. Neither the Patrick plan for a separate air corps within the Army nor the Mitchell plan for a unified Department of National Defense will get out of committee. The Mitchell scheme, however, was defeated in the House Military Affairs Committee by a margin of only one vote, eleven to ten. This might be taken to indicate that it would have a chance on the floor, but it would have, at least, the disadvantage of an adverse committee report.

What appropriations are to be made for aviation building programs of Army and Navy is a question still unanswered. The House Naval Affairs Committee worked out a building program involving expenditures of $85,000,000, but President Coolidge promptly disapproved it on the ground that the sum is too large for peace-time expenditure on naval aircraft. The House Military Affairs Committee proposes to expend $60,000,000 under a five-year program. At the end of the period the Army would have 2,200 planes. This plan, when submitted to the President, did not receive approval, but, on the other hand, escaped the prompt condemnation that fell upon the Navy plan.

In this matter the President represents the Nation's sober second thought.

Enforcing Traffic Laws

THE Committee on Enforcement of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, of which Committee Chief City Magistrate McAdoo, of New York, is chairman, has made public a synopsis of the report which it will make to the Conference in Washington on March 23.

A feature of the report of particular interest to The Outlook, since we commented on it some weeks ago and were criticised by two or three of our readers, is that based on the fact that pedestrians are involved in more than half of all automobile accidents. We hazarded the guess that automobile drivers as a class may possibly be less careful of pedestrians, who cannot injure them, than of

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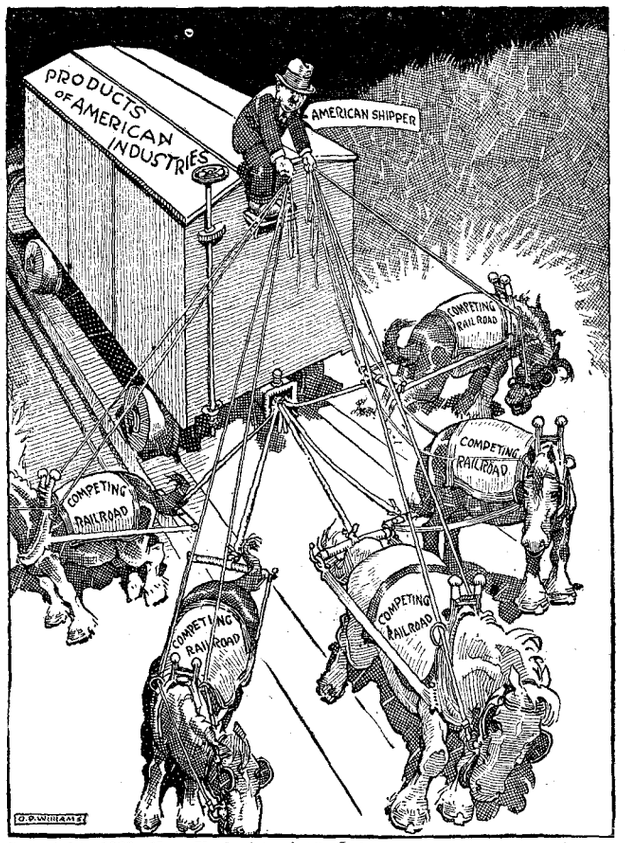
A stubborn opposite intent

(2 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 2)

Williams in the New York American



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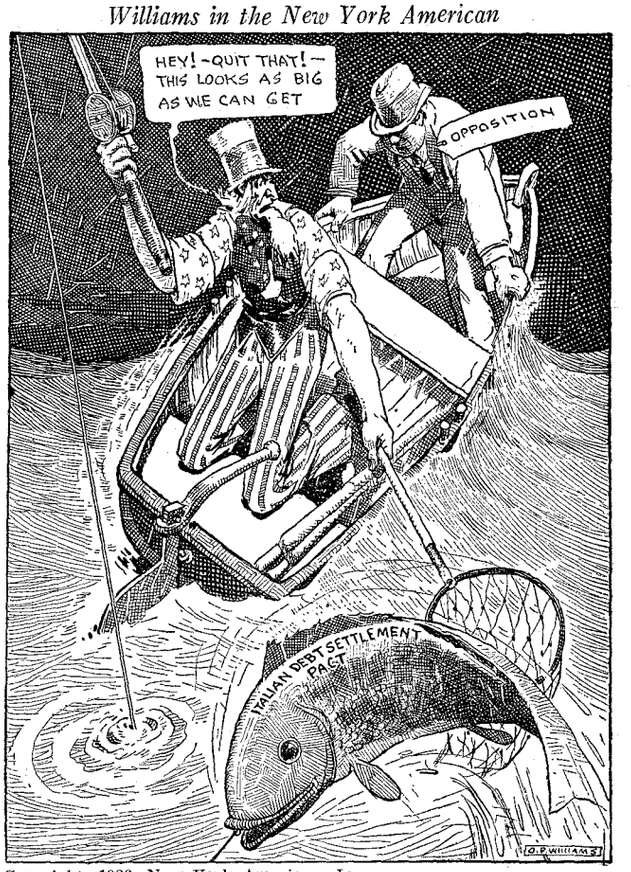
They'd pull better tandem

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

Williams in the New York American



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Don't rock the boat

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Cargill in the Paterson (N. J.) Morning Call

Food for thought!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Orr in the Boston Traveler

The wrong target

From C. R. Mundrucu, Roxbury, Mass.

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other automobile drivers, who have an even chance with them. Judge McAdoo's Committee recommends the application of penalties with special vigor to automobile drivers who strike pedestrians. But it recommends, too, that pedestrians who violate traffic regulations be vigorously prosecuted and fined.

There is no doubt that pedestrians injured by automobiles frequently are guilty at least of contributory negligence. One of our correspondents, commenting on our previous discussion of the subject, told of a pedestrian who deliberately stopped in front of her car. Every driver has had experience of the pedestrian who, apparently for the purpose of annoying the motorist, deports himself exactly as one would if he were trying to get hit. That, of course, does not justify the motorist in hitting him, but it does justify a traffic court in punishing the pedestrian violator equally with the motorist violator.

The report of the Committee indicates that traffic courts generally are not doing their full duty in the matter of punishing violators of traffic laws and regulations. "Undue clemency based on business and social standing," says the report, "or on pressure brought to bear by persons of influence will bring the operation of courts into disrepute."

The synopsis of the report was made public through the United States Department of Commerce, under whose auspices the Conference functions.

The Inventor of the Hobby-Horse

RIDING a hobby is credited with adding to the length and happiness of life. This is probably true. Inventing a hobby-horse seems to be even more effective in promoting longevity. Benjamin Crandall, who devised this familiar animal, which even President Coolidge is credited with enjoying, died in Buffalo on March 3, at the age of one hundred and four years. He had devoted much of his long life, the greater part of which was spent in Brooklyn, to contriving mechanical methods of entertaining children. In this he was extraordinarily successful, both from a standpoint of ingenuity and in gaining material reward. That the good, kindly man lost the modest fortune thus gained through the perfidy of others seems a hard return for one who did so much that was wholesome and good to delight little lives. Perhaps the extending of his years was the real reward, plus the consciousness that his ideas were profitable in the production of innocent pleasure.

World-Wide Plight of the Farmers

DISTRESS and dissatisfaction among farmers continues world-wide. Japan is now facing the problem of the best way to restore prosperity to the farms. The majority of her people are agriculturists, and, like their fellows elsewhere, have had to bear heavier taxes and receive less for their products than formerly.

Lending money by Government banks at low rates is the rather uncertain remedy proposed to carry the peasant along to better times. Figured in yen (a coin worth fifty cents), the Japanese farmers' troubles count up in this fashion:

Seeds, Y1.07; fertilizer, Y16.83; agricultural implements, Y2.33; materials, Y1.60; labor, Y33.80; work animals, Y4.66; cottage home, Y2.62; taxes, Y10.45; interest on capital, Y19.35; a total cost of Y92.79 for each *tan* of cultivated land. The annual earnings for the past three years have averaged but Y87.07, leaving a deficit of Y5.72. If the item of labor, usually supplied by the family of the farmer, be cut out, it leaves Y18.08 as profit, or nine dollars and four cents for the whole year.

Yet agitators bid us arm ourselves in fear of war against a people so close to 100 per cent empty-pocketed!

Wide World Photos

BIG BILL EDWARDS (he travels *incognito* as William H.) is to be the Landis of professional football. As a former Princeton football player and captain, he knows the traditions of the game. His purpose in accepting the presidency of the professional football league is, as he has stated, "to help preserve high-class football as it is played at the colleges." No college man will be allowed to play on a team of the league until his college class has graduated. This rule, which should prevent the colleges from becoming recruiting fields for the professional game, was inserted at Mr. Edwards's request.

Hello, London!

EXACTLY fifty years to the day after the United States Patent Office granted a patent for the telephone to Alexander Graham Bell there was carried on with ease and clearness the first conversation by non-experts between New York and London.

To Mr. Bell the achievement of March 8, 1926, would have seemed incredible, for there were no wires stretched across the Atlantic carrying the voices of the newspaper men who talked with one another on that day. For most of the distance the transmission of speech was by radio. The difference between ordinary broadcasting and this telephony is chiefly the difference of wave-length and power—that is, a difference of wave-length measured in hundreds of meters and wave-length measured in thousands. From Rocky Point, on Long Island, the speech went on a wave-length of 5,260 meters, and from Rugby, England, on a wave-length of 5,770 meters. About 100 kilowatts were used. Experts say that under certain conditions in order to get satisfactory transmission the power would have to be multiplied 100,000 times.

Naturally, satisfactory telephone service is not at present practicable at all hours of all seasons. Certain hours of the day, particularly during sunset, transmission becomes impossible, and at all hours during summer transmission becomes more difficult than in winter. The tests have proved, however, that telephone service between London and New York, employing the radio for the greater part of the distance, is entirely practicable for a large part of the day.

This public proof of the possibility of

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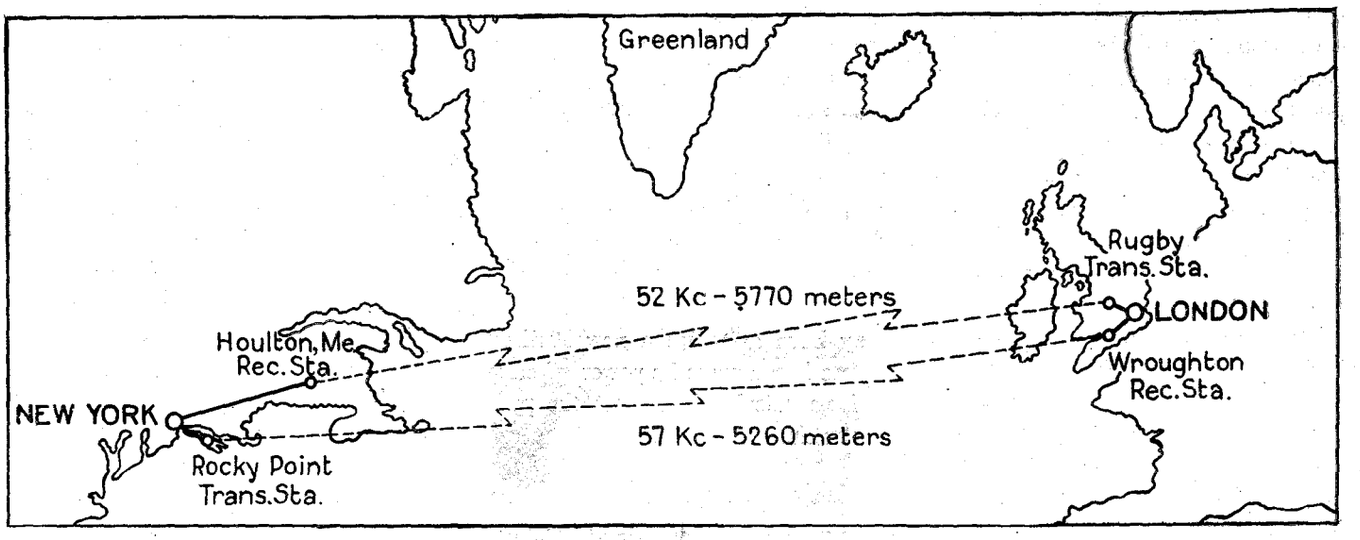


The Two-Way Route of the Transatlantic Telephone as Demonstrated on March 8 by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Radio Corporation of America, and the British General Post Office

Broken Lines show the radio paths.
Solid Lines show the wire paths.

The Radio Link	Rocky Point to	Wroughton	3300 Miles	The Wire Link	Wroughton	to London 90 Miles
	Rugby to	Houlton	2900 Miles		London	to Rugby 85 Miles
					Houlton	to New York 600 Miles
					New York	to Rocky Point 70 Miles

transatlantic telephone service followed a long series of experiments. Speech was transmitted through the air from Arlington, Virginia, to Paris eleven years ago; but two-way transmission has only been proved practicable within comparatively recent months. There are problems yet to be solved before transatlantic communication can be provided by means of the ordinary telephone circuits; but that the time is coming when we shall be able to talk with London by means of the telephone in common use there is no manner of doubt.

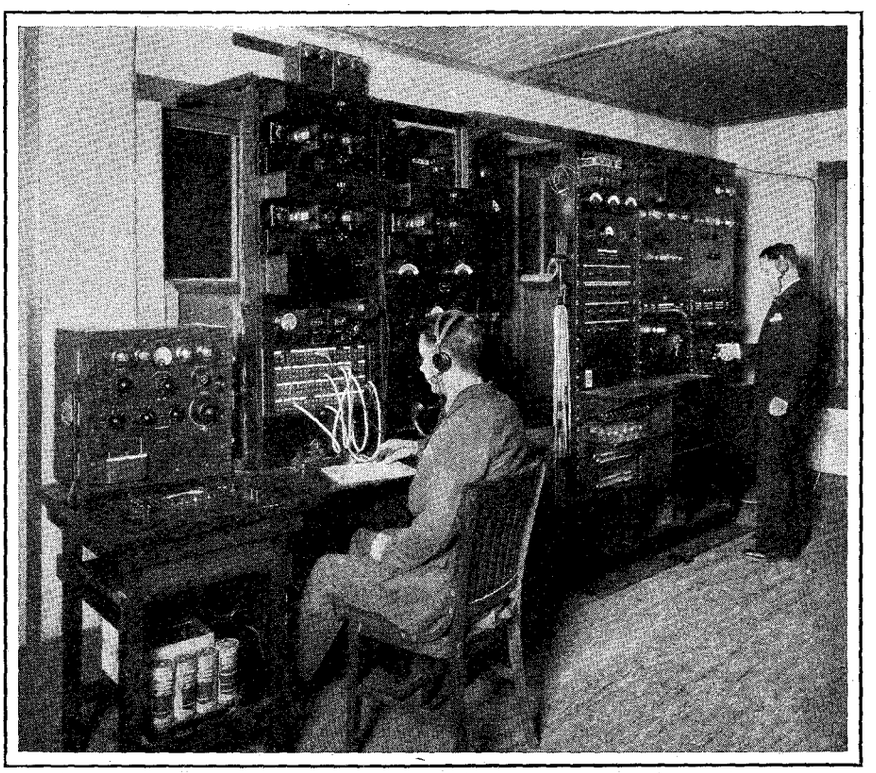
The Vatican and the League

CHURCH rivalries have been added to the political difficulties that have arisen over admitting Germany to the League of Nations and assigning her a permanent seat on its Council. The Vatican is reported to have intervened unofficially in support of the endeavors of Poland, Spain, and Brazil to secure permanent seats at the same time, desiring to see them succeed because they are predominantly Catholic countries. The very suspicion of this is calculated to solidify the opposition of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Norway, and Switzerland to the admission of additional Council members now, while Germany stands firm in the contention that the Locarno agreements meant that she alone would receive a Council seat at present. So the question involves, not only an attempt to oppose a Latin-Slavic group to a supposed Teutonic-Scandinavian group, but also to oppose a Catholic group to a Protestant group. Thus all the most difficult and deep-seated troubles of Europe have been precipitated at once into the discussion at Geneva. The Continent has been thrown into controversy afresh just as Locarno was thought to have brought a new peace.

The report of Vatican intervention complicates still further the embarrassments of the British Government in attempting to decide which way to throw its influence. It tends to unify British opinion more strongly than before in favor of adding Germany alone to the Council.

Meanwhile, the fall of the Briand Cabinet has paralyzed the hands of France. It has made it impossible for her delegates at Geneva either to give effective force to her earlier policy of backing Poland, Spain, and Brazil, or to change and come to an understanding with Great Britain and Germany for postponement of consideration of their candidacies.

What it amounts to is that Europe is



The interior of the radio telephone receiving station at Houlton, Maine. At the right is the radio receiving unit, and at the left the telephone test-board and amplifier for wire circuit to New York

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engaged in discovering just how real the Locarno agreements were. Habitual optimists hailed them as the dawn of a new era; but other observers, equally hopeful perhaps but less credulous, doubted whether Europe could change its ways of thought so quickly. So many new eras have dawned since 1918 that these agreements had to be regarded, not as an automatic guaranty of peace, but simply as a highly significant experiment in substituting arbitration for conflict, to be proved by the test of actuality.

The injection of the religious issue into the negotiations at Geneva shows still more clearly how, if the United States were a member of the League and held a seat on the Council, it would be compelled by circumstances to take sides in the most disturbing disputes of the Old World.

Can France Raise Taxes?

FRANCE last week found its foreign and domestic trouble piling up together.

The defeat of the Briand Cabinet in the French Chamber of Deputies involves questions which touch upon the sovereignty of the Government itself. The adverse vote which led to the resignation of the veteran Premier and his Ministry was on the payments tax clause of the financial bill, which had been carefully framed after months of effort to balance the French Budget and put the national finances on a sound basis. Defeated earlier in the lower Chamber, the measure had been taken to the Senate, whose wiser heads restored provisions that the less responsible Deputies had created a deficit by rejecting. Then it was returned to the Chamber, and a reckless combination of Nationalists, Socialists, and Communists blocked it once more and forced the Government to quit.

The question obviously concerns, not only the ability of France to pay her foreign debts, but to raise sufficient revenues to meet domestic expenditures and retire internal obligations. The Outlook often has taken occasion to point out that the test of sovereignty in a government is its power to tax. The issue in France is the power of the Government to increase taxes. It has led to the fall of successive Ministries; and it will be the trial that any new Premier immediately will have to face. The deadlock arises from the opposition of the Nationalists to Socialistic proposals, such as a capital levy, and the opposition of the Socialists to conservative proposals which would increase the burden on the salary and wage earning classes.

It is difficult to see how a majority can be secured on the crucial budget question in the Chamber as at present constituted.

No one questions the inherent power of the French Government to tax; but it may have to secure a new Parliament before it can make its power effective in a form calculated to meet the present necessities of the nation.

China's Spring Fever

THE approach of spring in China appears to be the sign for a return of the periodic malady of civil war. The prize at stake in the present conflict of military chieftains is control of the Government at Peking, with its opportunities for increased revenue expected to result from the international conference on the revision of Chinese customs tariffs.

Skirmishing, some of it more or less serious, has gone on during the winter between the troops of General Feng Yu-hsiang and those of his two adversaries, Marshal Chang Tso-lin and General Wu Pei-fu.

But the Chinese leaders usually wait for warm weather to start serious fighting. The moves against Peking now taking place seem to point to a revival of hostilities on a large scale and to a final test of the ability of the existing administration to survive. It finds itself threatened on four fronts—south, east, northeast, and north.

General Feng is in command of the so-called Kuominchun armies, which he has brought into effective co-operation, and is supporting the shaky Peking Government. Marshal Chang, by virtue of his military command, is dictator of Manchuria. General Wu is in command of forces that control Central China.

The situation presents the usual Chinese political puzzle. In the new drive General Wu Pei-fu and Marshal Chang Tso-lin, foes of long standing and heads of rival factions, are acting simultaneously—if not together. General Wu, since he was defeated by Marshal Chang in fighting near Peking two years ago, has been developing an alliance of the Yangtze River provinces opposed to the Peking Government. It is uncertain just how strong or stable this alliance may be, but his forces have begun to push northward lately from Central China toward the capital. In a fairly rapid advance along the railway from Hankow to Peking they have reached Chengchow, on the Yellow River, at the junction of the east-and-west line of the Lunghai Railway.

Meanwhile forces under the command of General Li Ching-ling, one of the adherents of Marshal Chang, are menacing Tientsin from Shantung Province, and others are invading Honan Province. Farther to the north armies commanded by Marshal Chang's son, General Chang Hsueh-liang, are reported to be advancing in two directions toward Peking, from the northeast and north. Government troops won a slight success against the armies attacking Tientsin; but railway travel south of Tientsin and on the Peking-Mukden line has been stopped, and communication between Peking and Tientsin has been threatened with interruption at any time.

A Desperate Attempt

IN these straits the Government at Peking, under Marshal Tuan Chi-jui as Chief Executive, has sought strength by forming a new coalition Cabinet. Not only members of the factions of Marshal Tuan and General Feng Yu-hsiang have been included, but also friends of General Wu Pei-fu and of General Sun Chuan-fang, of Chekiang Province. Thus General Feng and General Wu, who are fighting each other, are both represented in the Peking Government. General Sun controls, in addition to Chekiang, the provinces of Kiangsu, including the international port of Shanghai, and Anhui, Fukien, and Kiangsi. One of the most powerful chieftains of eastern coastal China, his attitude has been uncertain; but reports have been that he favored General Wu. The composition of the new Cabinet obviously is a desperate eleventh-hour attempt to conciliate both General Sun and General Wu, and to form a political front against Marshal Chang, of Manchuria, no supporter of whom was appointed.

In all this turmoil the policy of General Feng Yu-hsiang, of Chihli, known as China's "Christian General" and hitherto the mainstay of the Peking Government, has been doubtful. After a difficult victory in battles around Tientsin last autumn, in which he drove out General Li Ching-ling, General Feng announced his retirement from military activity and withdrew to northwestern Chihli. Appeals to him from his gen-

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erals to return and take command in the present emergency have called forth only enigmatic reassertions of his retirement. But it has been assumed generally that he was only biding his time and would appear on the scene again at what he considered an auspicious moment. He has been reported to be directing the disposition of the armies defending Peking. His return to active command is foreshadowed in a Presidential mandate, issued at the same time as the appointment of the new Cabinet, naming him Defense Commissioner of Chihli, Honan, and Shensi, the three northern provinces which the forces of the Peking Government still control wholly or in part.

The outcome will determine whether the ruling power in the next period of China's perturbed history will be General Feng, with his known policy of accepting co-operation from Soviet Russia, or Marshal Chang, with his Japanese backing in Manchuria, or General Wu, heretofore more or less independent, though inclined to friendship with America and Great Britain.

A Coolidge Doctrine?

WHAT do our friends in Europe want of us?

The cynical answer, "Our money."

The sentimental answer, "Our sympathy."

Both may be partly right, but neither is wholly so.

What European nations really want of us is some sign as to where we stand.

They want to know to what extent they can count on us. They are not unnaturally puzzled. If they are inclined to think us mercurial, who can blame them? They saw us take a coldly neutral position at the outbreak of the war and maintain it, in spite of affronts to our sovereignty, for thirty-two long months, and then suddenly take sides, join the conflict, and become the most exuberant of belligerents. They watched us actively helping to carve out a new Europe, providing experts of many kinds and laying down the law about the distribution of populations and the arrangement of boundaries; and then they were somewhat taken aback by our refusal to have anything to do with the work of our hands. They heard us instructing France on the proper method of providing for her own self-defense and took notice of the plan we drew up with the help of England to provide a guaranty for France in case she took our advice; and then they found that we were not ready to become a partner in the guaranty, after all. They watched, not without a thrill, the maneuvering by which we postponed the settlement of the terms of peace in order to construct a plan for the organization of the nations of the world into a league; and then they saw us stand aside and contemplate the structure from the outside. They borrowed our money in order to spend it within our own borders, and found that when our pocketbooks were open our hearts were also; but now they are not at all sure that we consider those debts as anything more than commercial obligations incurred by them for a profit-making enterprise.

Suppose something of the sort that happened in 1914 should happen again? Where could our neighbors across the Atlantic expect to find us? That is really what they want to know. The fact that we have money and are capable of a great deal of sympathy makes it all the more important for them to find an answer if they can.

There are explanations for our vacillation that are to be found partly in the nature of our Government and partly in the circumstances of the case; but these explanations do not help our European friends much. What they want to know concerns, not the past, but the future.

In the London "Spectator" for February 6 there is an editorial that puts this question in a constructive form. It shows considerably more understanding of America's position than some Americans have themselves. It describes as fantastic the picture of America as a menace to Europe and Asia. It accepts as virtually final America's refusal to bind herself by the Covenant of the League. The misunderstanding that exists between America and Europe, the "Spectator" thinks, could be cleared up if the President would do "what under the Constitution he has a perfect right to do, and what personally and temperamentally he is well fitted to do—that is, to tell Washington and the world . . . what doctrine of international action has been adopted by his Government." It would be the utterance of what the "Spectator" thinks might well be called "the Coolidge Doctrine." It would have the Monroe Doctrine for a precedent. It might "openly inform the Powers what is America's attitude towards the eternal problem of 'the last resort.'" It "would in the first place make it clear that America stands apart from the League not because she is unsympathetic to its aims, but because she thinks that in the special circumstances she is better outside." It would thus afford a buttress, as the "Spectator" calls it, for the League. Like other buttresses, it would not enter the building. Without undertaking to put words into President Coolidge's mouth, the "Spectator" states in substance what it would expect from the doctrine as follows:

> Therefore the Coolidge Doctrine might lay down a fact which is clear to all Americans, but which is unknown to the Continent of Europe. It is that wherever there is a breaker of the Peace—one who refuses to recognize the sanctity of a Treaty contract between Powers; wherever there is a man, or a party, or a nation contemplating the settlement of disputes by physical force instead of by judicial arbitrament, there America sees an enemy to mankind. On the other hand, wherever she finds a follower of Peace, a fulfiller of pledges and Treaties, a nation anxious to reduce armaments and to rely upon right not might, there she recognizes a friend and fellow-worker.

This is not as new a doctrine as the "Spectator" may think. We believe we could find the substance of it in statements of our public men. It was tersely expressed by President Harding in his inaugural address when he said:

> A world super-government . . . can have no sanction by our Republic. This is not selfishness. It is sanctity. It is not aloofness; it is security. . . . There was no American failure to resist the attempted reversion of civilization, there will be no failure to-day or to-morrow.

But the corollary of that doctrine is another equally important. And that was also stated, not only in the words, but in the acts of President Harding. If in the last resort America is to join with other nations in resisting the breaker of the peace and the violator of treaties and the unlawful aggressor, she must have confidence in them and they in her. And to this end President Harding was instrumental in securing the Four-Power Treaty, which is not a war commitment, but an agreement among nations who trust one another to respect one another's rights, and to confer in case there is danger of trespass. If the Coolidge Doctrine is enunciated, it may well take as its ba-

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sis the achievements of the Washington Conference.

Why Hate New York?

NOW and then in The Outlook's mail come letters indicating a hot prejudice against New York. The correspondents call it all kinds of names, and one intelligent reader in Missoula, Montana, goes so far as to call the town "provincial"—and proves it. The reasons for resentment against the metropolis would be worth collecting, for the purpose of either remedying the complaints or correcting the errors out of which they grow.

One of the chief of these is that New York is rich. Yet it probably contains more poor people than any State in the Union. It is called grasping, yet no community responds more quickly or generously to relieve need or mend disaster. It is called foreign, yet in no part of the Nation is the vote so near 100 per cent of those registered as in the Greater City. It is called Sodom, because of suspected wickedness, but most of its sinners are imported. What, then, is the matter?

Does not the criticism come more from a feeling of envy at its size and magnificence than from any other cause? The wealth of the Nation centers in the city, not because of the skill of its inhabitants in collecting dollars, but from convenience and service. It takes a very small toll from a vast business. Yet when the figures of call loans are scanned weekly, under a new departure by the Stock Exchange, one finds, with amazement, that of the three billions or so that are kept liquid in this fashion for the benefit of stock speculation, about half comes from out-of-town banks, which thus seek to profit safely by the lending of unused funds. Probably "out of town" provides more than a half share of the speculators, who, when they lose in betting against one another, blame New York, few of whose inhabitants risk their savings in such fashion. Like the "Club" at Monte Carlo, the Exchange is supported by outsiders. It would require only a little self-restraint on the part of the country folks to reduce the Exchange to impotency and keep their cash in their pockets.

New York does not hate anybody or anything. It ought to be regarded elsewhere with affection instead of dislike. Few cities in the world have as many merits, and no city does as much for its people or for the strangers within or without its gates.

The Short Ballot

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE editor of The Outlook has instructed me to eschew all discussions of partisan political problems in my weekly articles. He takes this position, I suppose, on the ground that he is perfectly competent without my aid to excite all the political acrimony that the readers of The Outlook care to endure. If this article passes his lynx-eyed inspection, my readers may be assured that it is because he thinks it is not acrimonious, although it deals with a current political problem which is just now the subject of a good deal of heated partisan debate.

This subject is the endeavor of Governor Alfred Smith, of the State of New York, to reorganize the political structure of the State and put it on a more efficient basis. It deserves wide debate and careful consideration. But partisanship should be eliminated from the discussion by the single and simple fact that associated with Governor Smith in the effort is ex-Governor and ex-Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes. When these two eminent National leaders, one of the Democratic Party and one of the Republican Party, unite for a social and administrative reform, it can hardly be said to be a partisan movement.

What Governor Smith and ex-Governor Hughes propose is the reduction of the bureaus and departments in the administrative structure of the State, and the introduction of the Short Ballot principle in its elective structure. It is of the Short Ballot that I wish to say a few words this week if I can find anybody who will have the patience to listen to me.

The great problem of democracy today is to find a method of establishing governmental authority without taking away from the citizen his right freely to choose that authority. The solution of this problem is found in the principle of what is now happily called the Short Ballot. The Short Ballot principle is that only those government officers shall be elected whose functions are important enough to attract and deserve general public scrutiny and understanding, and that all other officers shall be appointed; the Long Ballot principle is that the voter must have his say about the selection of every official from dog-catcher to Governor. The voter instinctively prefers the Short Ballot principle because of its simplicity; the professional politician advocates the Long Ballot principle because it enables him to build up a complicated and costly machine, expensive and confusing to the voter, but very profitable to himself. One often hears it said that the Short Ballot idea is a new-fangled notion, undemocratic, and therefore un-American. This is a view which the political boss does all he can to promote and disseminate.

But the citizen who will stop to think a moment will realize that, while the name of the Short Ballot is new, its principle is as old as the Constitution of the United States. Our National Government is conducted on the Short Ballot plan, while all our States, all our counties, and, until very recently, all our city governments have been administered on the Long Ballot principle. The results of the two systems are apparent to every schoolboy. The National Government is, on the whole, efficient, honorable, and honored at home and abroad. Our State and city governments are extravagant, often incompetent, and generally distrusted. Despairing and cynical critics put the blame for the corruption in our State and city governments on democracy. Democracy, they say, is inherently extravagant and incompetent.

But the facts do not sustain this generalization. On the other side of the Atlantic the democracies of France and England and Switzerland, however much they may muddle through their problems, are far less extravagant and far more competent than were the despotisms of the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and the Romanoffs. And at home the same democracy that gave that distinguished alderman known as Bath House John to Chicago gave Abraham Lincoln to the Nation; the democracy that made Boss Tweed dictator of New York City made Grover Cleveland President of the United States. The explanation of these contradictory phenomena is to be found, not in the nature of democracy, but in the methods of democracy.

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Bath House John and Boss Tweed are the products of democracy trying to do its work with the Long Ballot; Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland are what democracy produces with the Short Ballot.

When the Thirteen Original Colonies separated from England and began to constitute themselves into self-governing bodies, it was natural that they should turn towards forms of pure democracy—that is to say, forms in which every man had something to say about every question of government. The authority of the government officials which had been imposed upon them by the mother country was so despotic that they looked upon all authority with fear and suspicion. The kind of government that most appealed to the rebelling colonists was of the type of a New England town meeting. But a nation even as small as the newly federated colonies was too large to be efficiently conducted on the town-meeting plan.

A revolutionary statesman of whose political genius we hear too little in these days, but who deserves to be ranked with Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton as one of the great founders of this Republic, early saw the need of establishing authority in a democracy if it was to be efficient. I refer to Gouverneur Morris, one of the splendid figures in the history of New York State. Gouverneur Morris was the founder of Short Ballot government in the United States. When the State of New York was framing its Constitution, Morris endeavored to make New York a Short Ballot State. He wanted a governor with very broad powers of appointment. But the word "governor" had a kind of terror for the people. It called to their minds the British governors imposed upon them in colonial days. The story is told in Theodore Roosevelt's brief but readable "Life of Gouverneur Morris."

> "Men," says Mr. Roosevelt, "often let the dread of the shadow of a dead wrong frighten them into courting a living evil.
>
> "Morris himself was wonderfully clear-sighted and cool-headed. He did not let the memory of the wrong-doing of the royal governors blind him; *he saw that the trouble with them lay, not in the power that they held, but in the source from which that power came.* Once the source was changed, the power was an advantage, not a harm to the State. Yet few or none of his companions could see this; and they nervously strove to save their new State from the danger of executive usurpation by trying to make the executive practically a board of men instead of one man, and by crippling it so as to make it ineffective for good, while at the same time dividing the responsibility, so that no one need be afraid to do evil. Above all, they were anxious to take away from the governor the appointment of the military and civil servants of the State."

The result of Morris's failure to persuade his colleagues is that we have a complicated State Government in which we elect Heaven only knows how many office-holders in a system so incoherent and heterogeneous that nobody can be held responsible. But Morris did not despair. He was a delegate to the Federal Constitutional Convention which met in 1787 in Philadelphia. As it was Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence, so it was Morris who drew up the original form of the United States Constitution, and as that original now stands it is a product of his pen. It was he who was chiefly instrumental in making the President of the United States the Chief Executive of the Nation, in making him Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, in giving him a veto power, and, finally and perhaps most important of all, in endowing him with the power of appointing all Government officers. Thus we have a Long Ballot Government in the State of New York and a Short Ballot Government in the Nation. The result is that, while in State, county, and city elections the poor confused voter has to vote for literally scores of officers about whom he can know nothing and cares to know nothing, in the National Government he votes for only three men—a President (the Vice-President is a mere appendage of the Presidency), a Congressman, and a Senator. Those three men he knows. He knows their names, their characters, their personalities; he watches them and holds them responsible. He has the time and the knowledge to exercise an intelligent judgment about what they do. None of us thinks that his rights as a free American are curtailed because we do not vote for the Justices of the United States Supreme Court or for the Secretary of the Treasury or for the Ambassador to England. And yet in the State we have to vote for judges of the State Supreme Court, for State engineers, and State treasurers as well as for a host of other officials. It is a curious kind of legend or tradition fostered and encouraged by machine politicians that keeps the American citizen from applying the Short Ballot principle to all forms of administrative government work. I have never been able quite to understand why, when he sees it working every day before his eyes in the National Government with efficiency and success, he does not apply it to his State, county, and city governments.

The American has really a genius for organization. The industrial or commercial corporation in business is practically an American invention, and has proved to be a remarkable instrument for social efficiency. One hundred men join together to build a cotton mill. They form a corporation and are the stockholders. As stockholders they get together and elect a small board of directors. The board of directors gather and elect a president and perhaps one or two other executive officers. These two or three executive officers select a bookkeeper, engineer, the head machinist, the sales manager, and all other employees. Power and responsibility are placed upon the president of an industrial or financial or commercial corporation. He directs the business, employs his subordinates, and reports results to his stockholders. If the stockholders do not like the results, they choose through the board of directors another president. This system can be made to work in government exactly as it works in business, because this is what is done in our National affairs. If we ran our business corporations as we run our State and city governments, the stockholders would meet once a year and vote for the office boy, the janitor, the bookkeeper, the stenographers, and the salesmen. How long would a business last conducted on this principle? The amazing thing to me is, not that our State governments and city governments are inefficient and corrupt, but that they have been able to exist at all under a system which the plainest man on the street knows would be ruinous if applied in ordinary business affairs.

If the American democracy is to become efficient, it must extend the system which has proved successful in the National Government to all its political administration—the Short Ballot system, in which the people shall elect the fewest possible officials, give them the greatest possible amount of authority, and hold them to the strictest accountability. It is for this reason that I am heartily in favor of the Smith-Hughes plan for the reorganization of the State of New York.

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An Old Razor and an Old Friend

Staff Correspondence from Washington by DIXON MERRITT

I LEFT it in the wash-room of Pullman car X53 of the Pennsylvania Railroad train which left Washington at 12:10, midnight, February 22, and arrived in New York just before dawn of the 23d.

Somebody has it. To him it means only a good razor.

I have lost it. And to me it means a thousand memories, some of them funny, many of them sad, some of them sacred.

Please do not think me sacrilegious when I say that that old razor, more than the chiming of the church bells and more even than prayer-books and psalters, had the power to bring me at times into a worshipful frame of mind and of spirit. It, more closely than any other thing that I possessed, linked me with the reverential moments of my boyhood.

FOR the old gentleman who brought me up in the nurture of good precept and of well-nigh faultless example used every Sunday morning to take that old razor from its worn and battered leathern case—that would be when he was preparing to walk with me to the little white church down the road where now his ashes rest. He would take out the old razor and, talking to me the while of those things that youth must receive from the lips of age or else go unarmored into the battle of life, he would strop it, giving it the finishing touches always on the palm of his great broad, sinewy hand—the hand that was to me as long as he lived the symbol alike of strength and of tenderness. And always in the later years, when I went back home to be with him for a little while, it was the same on Sunday mornings—the old razor stropped to perfection on the palm of the broad old hand even when its strength was gone and only its tenderness remained.

I had not, in those early days, the love for the old razor that came to me later—came in its full, I think, only when I found it among his intimate personal things after I had followed him for the last time down to the churchyard. Once, when I was perhaps thirteen years old, I became enamored of old men's tales of the smooth writing qualities of goose-quill pens, and I tried to make one. I found the quills along the sunny-side bank of the pond where the geese were wont to dry themselves, and I ruined a dozen of them with my boy's jack-knife, an implement as unsuited for pen-making as a butcher's cleaver for surgery. Finally, in desperation, I took the razor to the task. The result was no pen worth mentioning, but a deep, ragged, ugly gap in the edge of the razor.

I do not know how many evenings the old gentleman honed away, resting the rock on the arm of his old chair in the chimney-corner, slowly grinding the broad blade down to get rid of the gap. I think the razor was never quite as good after that. The edge was dubbed and never quite so keen as before—that is, until it came to me and, with better working tools than the old gentleman had or could have found, I honed away through long evenings until I had made it better than new. Though it could mean nothing any more to him, there was in the accomplishment of the task something of the sweetness of making restitution for an old sin.

AND I left that razor, in my haste, in the wash-room on Pullman X53 on the morning of February 23. It was inexcusable, I know, but I hope that the man who has it will let me have it back. I do not quite know how I am to go back to the old home, when I do go, without it.

It is a big old-fashioned razor, the blade very broad and thick in the back, the handle white and deeply carved.

Such a razor, I know, would appeal to a porter. And I do not know that I should blame a porter very greatly for failure to turn in a razor of that kind at the office. Old razors are treasures that might tempt men more prominent than porters. But I do not think this porter would keep it if he knew it was mine and that I need it so greatly. He is a good porter. We had a long and enjoyable talk in the smoking-room that night before I went to bed. He told me many things of his boyhood home in Georgia, and I told him many things of John and Tom and Dillahunty, the colored men who look after my old farm in Tennessee.

But, porter or passenger, I hope that the man who has it will let me have it back again. I need it more than I need money.

BUT, if I have lost the razor, I have found Wheelis. Twenty-four years he was lost, from the June morning when we left college until the end of the Peabody dinner in Washington during the sessions of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association.

Wheelis had the advantage of me. He had heard my name announced when the toastmaster called on me for a speech. So, when he came up beside me and slapped me in the old bluff way, I could not call his name—not for the instant. But when he threw his head back as he used so often to do in Economics II and exclaimed, "What!" I said, "Louis Wheelis!"

So home we came to my house and talked all night.

Wheelis does not smoke. I did not either twenty-four years ago, and, though it took me some time to adjust myself to intimate conversation without a pipe, I think we got more of the flavor of the old years by that chance.

It is wonderful how many things one knows that one has forgotten.

Boys' names that I had not thought of for nearly a quarter of a century came back to me—first names, middle names, and all. And I found, greatly to my surprise and more to my delight, that I still can come mighty close to calling by heart the roll of the Erosophian Society for the years from 1899 to 1902.

It is good to think of all the old boys again and to remember with another who knew them their lovable traits. I think it would not be so good to see all of them again. I confess that, for the most part, I had rather not see them. Those that I have seen after long lapses of years, Wheelis alone excepted, are not at all the same. Many of them are more completely strangers than men I meet whom I have never seen before. Is there any loneliness quite as overpowering as that of being in the presence of a man you have known and know no longer?

WITH Wheelis, though, the old companionship was picked up exactly where it was dropped. Perhaps it may be so always where there once has been genuine friendship on both sides. I do not know. It is a difficult thing to know. There are so few full, two-sided friendships in this world that drift apart and come together again.

Wheelis has been fortunate beyond most of us who were at Peabody in those old days—fortunate beyond the measure of most men in the world.

He has stayed right on in the neighborhood in which he was born and reared. Except for the years he was in college, he has never been away for any length of time. From the time he left school he has taught, first the boys and girls, his neighbors, who were only a little younger than he, and finally their children. His impress is on the com-

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munity, will remain there long after he is gone. Some of us who have gone about the world may have exerted a wider influence, but his has been infinitely deeper. He is now superintendent of the county that bred him—that of Ashdown, away out on the Texas border of Arkansas.

If I could envy Wheelis anything, I should envy him the opportunity he has had of staying at home and giving himself in service to his own.

At the Passaic Battlefront

Staff Correspondence by ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

FOUR thousand Passaic textile strikers are walking two abreast down the sidewalk. They are coming from their daily afternoon meeting. They are on their way home. They approach the mammoth Botany Worsted Mill, their former workshop. Seven weeks before they had stopped work because of a ten per cent cut in the wage scale. With few exceptions, they had been orderly and peaceful in their daily conferences and in their processions homeward. During these seven weeks you and I heard nothing of them.

But this day (March 2) they are met at the mill corner by the Passaic and Clifton police force. "Stop!" "Turn back!" It is impossible to pass the cordon of mounted policemen stretched across the road. The workers are forced to halt. Thousands in the rear press forward to see what is the matter. The motion of an orderly sidewalk procession is halted, and it becomes a compact mass of men, women, and children milling around in the blocked street. Instead of keeping order, the police have created disorder. Stupidity! Stupidity rampant. The strikers can't turn back. Their retreat is choked off by the unknowing and undirected thousands in the rear.

"Hey, you! Get back! You can't loiter here!" yells Chief of Police Zober. The strikers stand still. That's all they can do.

"Break them up, officers! Scatter them, men!" The mounted police ride their horses into the mob, pushing and clubbing right and left. Motorcycle policemen step on the gas and plow in. Of course, it does no good.

Chief Zober isn't satisfied. He digs into his overcoat pocket and pulls out a tear-gas bomb four inches in diameter. He throws it into the mob. The crowd fights to get away from the rising smoke and gas. The police toss two more bombs into the mêlée. Still Chief Zober is dissatisfied. He rings for the Fire Department. In three minutes the fire hose is being played on the now retreating multitude—men, women, and children, strikers and onlookers—any one within reach. What do they care? When stupid men lose their heads let all beware!

Violence begets violence. Shouts of "Revolution! Revolution!" are heard. "A reign of terror!" "Cossack outrages!" "Assaulted without provocation." These and similar phrases are circulated by the imported Communistic strike organizers. Sweet music to their ears.

BEFORE this we had heard nothing of the strike. There is no news in an orderly strike. There must be conflict and disorder to make news. Chief Zober saw to that. He is a great little press agent for Passaic. His tear-gas, club, and fire-hose battle found space in the New York papers. But the real publicity coup is yet to come.

Twenty-four hours elapse. Now every newspaper in New York, Newark, and parts adjacent has reporters and camera men at "trouble corner." Once again the strikers walk down the street from their meeting and encounter the police. Once more they are charged. Clubs begin to fall. Men slip on the ice while attempting to duck the blows. Women fall to their knees in prayer. Children shriek. Camera men gather around to get "close-up" pictures.

Now comes the police move which makes the Passaic strike a front-page news sensation. The camera men are clubbed down by the coppers and eight expensive cameras (worth at least $5,000) are beaten to smithereens. Pencils are snatched from bystanding re-

Courtesy of New York "Herald Tribune"

No comment on the violent methods of the police could be more effective than these steel helmets which striking textile workers of Passaic, New Jersey, are wearing

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porters and their notes torn to bits. A newspaper woman is lustily clubbed when she fails to "beat it" quickly enough. An attempt at news suppression! Well! Well!! Double reason for devoting full pages to the "Cossack" police and to those photographs which were saved by the few camera men who escaped by jumping over fences and by hiding under the couches in near-by dwellings. Strike stories appear in the capitalistic press which formerly would have been typical of the Socialistic New York "Call" or "The Masses." Thousands of dollars pour in daily for the relief and support of the strikers.

Twenty-four more hours elapse, and there are more newspaper reporters and camera men in Passaic than have assembled on any news story in the United States since the Wall Street explosion. Some of the camera men soar over trouble corner in a hired airplane. Others cruise up and down the streets in an armored car—with camera lenses at the peep-holes. The strikers now file down the sidewalk wearing trench helmets and gas masks. Miss Elizabeth Kovacs leads the procession pushing a baby carriage. She has borrowed her sister's baby for the occasion. By this time some one has succeeded in injecting a little wisdom into the heads of the Clifton and Passaic police. The strikers' parade is allowed to proceed. It does so peaceably and quietly (with the exception of the cheers of onlookers) and nothing happens. Warrants are sworn out for the arrest of Police Chief Zober and two patrolmen on assault charges, but up to the date of this writing no near-by constable is willing to arrest these so-called guardians of the peace.

This is a summary of the news sensation of this week.

But what is behind all of this? What is the strike all about?

Nearly one million people are employed in the textile industry of this country in the weaving of wool, silk, and cotton. The large mills are centered in Lawrence, New Bedford, Fall River, and Lowell, Massachusetts, and in Paterson and Passaic, New Jersey. Each one of these cities has thousands of low-salaried immigrant workers. Strikes over wage scales are recurrent. The earnings of the million textile workers rise and fall in accordance with the standards set in the large mill centers. These cities, therefore, are the scenes of activity for union organizers and labor agitators.

Botany Mills Consolidated, of Passaic and Garfield, New Jersey, employ about six thousand men and women. In 1918 the mills were seized by the United States Government, on the ground that they were German-owned and that their home office was in Leipzig. It was only a year ago that they were returned to Max W. Stoehr, the American representative of the German house of Stoehr. (Mr. Stoehr claims to be a naturalized American.) An eight-million-dollar bond issue was then floated, and soon became listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The country-wide slump in the textile industry cut down the earning power of the Botany Mills from $2,880,147 in 1923 to $1,731,298 in 1924. Figures for 1925 are not yet available, but, according to

P. & A. Photos

Albert Weisbord

Passaic reports, they will be several hundred thousand less than in 1924. This loss of earning power may be the economic basis for the subsequent wage cut.

In October of last year the earnings of the employees (small at the best) were reduced in two ways: four work days a week and a ten per cent cut in the wage scale. Even under the old system the living conditions of workers' families were pretty miserable. About half of the employees were making from $12 to $22 a week. In families with six and eight children this meant that the father worked daytimes and then the mother went to the factory for the night shift. When the reductions came, there was great dissatisfaction; but with all the grumbling they kept on working.

The scene was now set for the entrance of a labor organizer—or, if you prefer, an outside agitator. Albert Weisbord (twenty-five years old, the son of a manufacturer, said to be a Phi Beta Kappa man at the College of the City of New York, graduate of Harvard Law School, and an avowed Communist) came to Passaic and began the organization of his "One Big Textile Union." He had a fertile field to work in. Eight weeks ago he ordered his four thousand followers in Botany Mills to quit their jobs. The strike spread to the other mills in Passaic, Clifton, and Garfield. There are now about eleven thousand workers on strike.

The original protest was against the ten per cent wage cut and a request for its restoration. Under Weisbord's direction, the strikers now demand, not only an abolition of the wage cut, but an increase of ten per cent over the old scale, a forty-four-hour week, more sanitary working conditions, and recognition of their union.

If the purpose of the intervention of the American Civil Liberties Union can be judged by the speech which I heard given by their representative, Mr. Robert Dunne, it is to fan into a flame the workers' hatred for the employers and the police. I hope that this is not the purpose of the home office.

The sympathy of the average Passaic citizen is with the strikers, on account of the low salaries paid and the arbitrary treatment of the employees by the mill-owners. The mill-owners have made no effective effort to explain the business slump and consequent financial condition to the workmen. As a matter of fact, the workmen are not of a type able to reason very much on their own account. They have placed themselves entirely in the hands of Albert Weisbord and his radical following.

The mill-owners refuse to deal with Weisbord, and Weisbord refuses to let the workers deal with their employers except through him. There is no question of Weisbord's natural ability as a strike leader and of his power to hold the workers with him. So there we are.

It looks like a long and profitless strike—made longer by the pig-headed actions of the local police. Millions of dollars in wages are being lost by the workers. The mill-owners have already lost their spring orders, and they stand to lose their summer business if the strike goes on much longer. I predict that Weisbord will lose out in the end, as he has in his other textile-strike attempts. Nothing will be gained by either of the contending parties. Hundreds of families will suffer untold hardships.

We probably won't hear much more about it, but we can be sure of one thing: The revolutionary spirit has been stirred in thousands of simple souls by Communist agitators ably assisted by the New Jersey policemen.

Passaic, New Jersey, March 6, 1926.

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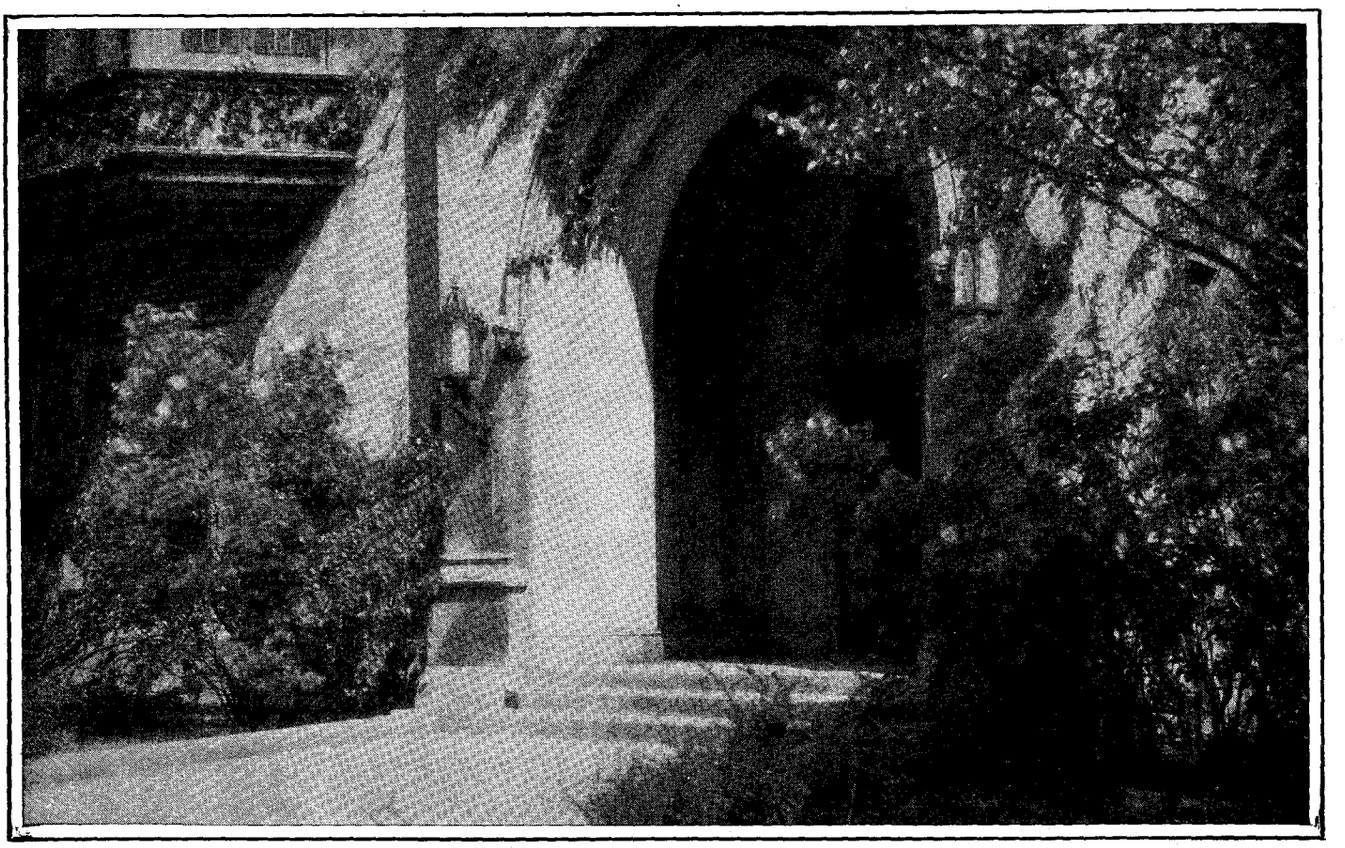

Ida Noyes Memorial Hall, where the women students find a club home with the appearance of a church

Doorways

Through the University of Chicago

By GEORGE MARVIN

THE murk of trade and the growth of ivy have combined to give to the architectural embodiment of the University of Chicago the appearance of great age. In its cloisters and quadrangles you are in Oxford; Magdalen Tower rises venerably before you; buttressed walls inclose lawns of English perfection; mullioned windows give glimpses of King's College Chapel and wainscoted refectory rooms. Chicago, the Chicago of the stockyards, the Loop, the Illinois Central tracks, and the "Tribune," is one thousand miles, five hundred years, away.

Only thirty-two years ago where now the Gothic towers of the University rise in century-old dignity above the trees the Midway Plaisance ran its terrific side-show to the World's Fair. On this very ground the Ferris Wheel turned round and round and the tom-toms of the Dahomey Village gave to Main Street in its millions the first premonitory thrills of jazz. Round the staff-made palaces of the White City, created before the days of reinforced concrete, grew up enormous papier-maché and lath-and-plaster suburbs, born almost overnight by streets and avenues and districts and plaisances, making a transitory Greater Chicago on the South Side. So much change, such complete overturn and re-creation, could only happen in the United States of America, and in America only in the West. It is almost as great a miracle that one Columbian city with its palaces and pleasure domes, its avenues and canals and rialtos and plazas, its tawdry environs, "its glories and its triumphs and the rest," should have utterly passed away more completely than Sardis or Nineveh without a vestige of its reign, as that, upon the ruins of such Titanic architecture and landscape gardening should have risen this well-ordered embodiment of Old World peace.

It takes a Midway bus about forty-five minutes to spasmodically run—continually checked by automatic traffic lights and the phonograph chant of the conductor, "Low bridge; kindly keep your seats"—from the Loop to the University. In its route is comprehended the gamut of Chicago. From the over-peopled canyons of the Loop you emerge first on the sweep of Michigan Avenue and face the open sea and the open sky with one great breath of relief. But even here utility comes first. All the years of its life the second largest and second richest city of America has used the very center of its possible landscape plan, its great gift of natural beauty, as a freight yard. That is, or perhaps it would be more fair to say that has been, Chicago. Cheek by jowl with its Field Museum and its art gallery box-cars are stolidly parked. The long sea-wall of its best hotels and clubs and retail shopping stores is grimed with the continual soft-coal drift from the Illinois very Central, and all day long conversation must be pitched over the hooting, steam-exhausting, and bell-ringing of switch engines and the assertive arrival and departure of interminable trains. It's like having vociferous plumbing in the parlor; but Chicago, buying up grand opera and beautiful pictures, has continued to put up with this intolerable nuisance.

Consequentially Michigan Avenue, with its wide greensward dotted by recumbent sons of rest and their littered

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newspapers, its wide pavements animated by aristocracy and plutocracy on foot or in limousines, its wide lake front profaned by sulky freight trains, comes to an end at the Logan statue; the "Tribune" building is its northern, the Blackstone Hotel its southern, buttress. Beyond General Logan the avenue runs on southward, but abruptly it passes from an identity of railroad yards and hotels and office buildings to the automotive industry. This, too, is Chicago; its main thoroughfare given over to utility in other terms, motor cars and their accessories on both sides for miles and miles. What a lucky thing it is for hopeful city planning and for the biped pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness that the automobile and the auto-motion-picture obsessions are gregarious!

Out of this long dreariness the bus at length turns sharp left. Long lines of trees appear and green grass, as the sweeping avenues of Washington Park lead by still waters in which Corot clumps of willows are reflected, and then the Midway Renaissance, which used to be the Plaisance of Ferris and Dahomey, reaches before you into what, by contrast, seem Elysian Fields; into an England of Hampton Courts, gray Gothic towers, and old time-stained façades. And this, too, is Chicago; just as true and almost as strong as the railroaded and motorized utilitarian city of your forty-five minutes' bussing. Lincoln's Gettysburg phraseology may be very justly distributed over separate institutions of learning in this country with discriminating truth. If, for example, Jefferson's university is primarily *of* Virginia, and Arizona or Wisconsin primarily *for* the people of their respective States, then is this Oxford on the Midway *by* Chicago. Containing many beautiful doorways harmonized in its universal Gothic plan, it is itself a great doorway opened by the wealth, the enterprise, and the spirit of the city, into regions less perplexed; into wider spiritual horizons, unexplored dominions of the mind, a richer life.

When John D. Rockefeller contributed in 1910 his final donation to the endowment of the University, he expressed in his letter most appropriately the relationship and attitude which should exist between a university and a public-spirited benefactor:

"In making an end to my gifts to the University," he wrote, "and in withdrawing from the Board of Trustees my personal representatives I am acting on an early and permanent conviction that this great institution, being the property of the people, should be controlled, conducted, and supported by the people, in whose generous efforts for its upbuilding I have been permitted simply to cooperate; and I could wish to consecrate anew to the great cause of education the funds which I have given, if that were possible; to present the institution a second time, in so far as I have aided in founding it, to the people of Chicago and the West; and to express my hope that under their management and with their generous support the University may be an increasing blessing to them, to their children, and to future generations."

The people of Chicago have accepted this mandate in the super-liberal spirit which characterizes their other more commercial undertakings. The University's total resources, including Mr. Rockefeller's gifts, amount to $54,000,000; an enormous sum, but considerably less than the endowment, among the six richest universities, of either Harvard, Yale, or Columbia. Princeton, sixth in total endowment, nevertheless greatly exceeds Chicago, the fifth, in percentage increase during the last five years. Now, with an almost unbounded conception of the function of their University, the citizens of Chicago have set about the raising of an additional fund of nearly $63,000,000 for its further development, $35,425,000 for more endowment and $27,560,000 for new buildings. As they say "up-State" in New York of any noteworthy disbursement, to open the doors of Chicago "runs into money"!

Chicago started in 1892 under President Harper without traditions; he had no foundations other than credit to build upon, but, on the other hand, he was free to experiment without the mortmain of tradition. He and his colleagues and his successors have from the start "made a glorious gain of their necessity." Johns Hopkins was the first, and for a long time continued to be in conception and aim the only university without a college to lean on. So here in the ashes and débris of the World's Fair Harper founded his institution as a university—not a college plus graduate schools—for the advancement of learning. If it may be said that the University is by the people of Chicago, greatly assisted at the start by the General Education Board, then is it equally of William Rainey Harper and for the world. The door that President Harper first opened was emphatically the door of a university as opposed to a college. In this respect Chicago is the exact antipodes of Dartmouth.

The prospect upon which this main doorway gives will bear a little emphasizing: The West has many colleges instituted for the round education of its young people, making sound persons of them, male and female, largely content with the job of character manufacture and the provision of the ingredients of the bachelor's degree—Beloit, Urbana, Oberlin, Purdue. Then the West has the huge State universities, such as those of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, and Wisconsin, whose primary duty is to the students of their respective States, and then to the State itself. If they can contrive to do more, well and good. Chicago's self-assumed task, its mission, is neither that of the college nor of the State university as each has been superficially characterized. It is not personal; it is not trying to do something for John and Mary, but to provide ever new and more material for educational undertakings; it seeks the stimulation of men and women of all ages towards an inquiring attitude of mind. Chicago passes out through its doors of eventual exit, not students, but teachers.

For professional teachers Chicago opened the door of its Summer Session. Five thousand eight hundred of them, two-thirds of the total number graduate students, attended the summer quarter this year. This is not, as in many other university localities, a "summer school." The year is divided up into four quarters of equal value in time and credit counting towards degrees, and the most advanced group of students attend the summer quarter, coming literally—as they do to Columbia—from the uttermost States and the ends of the ambitious earth. Chicago has four entrance times and as many graduating occasions; Commencement, with all its paraphernalia, occurs four times a year. The Plaisance, with its Tyrolese yodlers and its Samoans, was hardly off the Midway ground when this new idea occupied it: educational facilities the year round.

Another door was opened straight into the city of Chicago. It was indeed a double door. Planted in one of the greatest of cities, whose citizens supported it, this University, in a similar situation to that of Columbia in New York or Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, had a manifest duty towards its municipality. Like the Art Institute on Michigan Avenue or the Field Museum on the Illinois Central, it was, and it wanted to feel, an integral part of the city. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, or Virginia gleans largely from the cultured and socially defined strata of alumni families. In Chicago the sons of university fathers are apt to follow in their sires' tracks far afield; the daughters are prone to stay nearer home. But in Chicago the name

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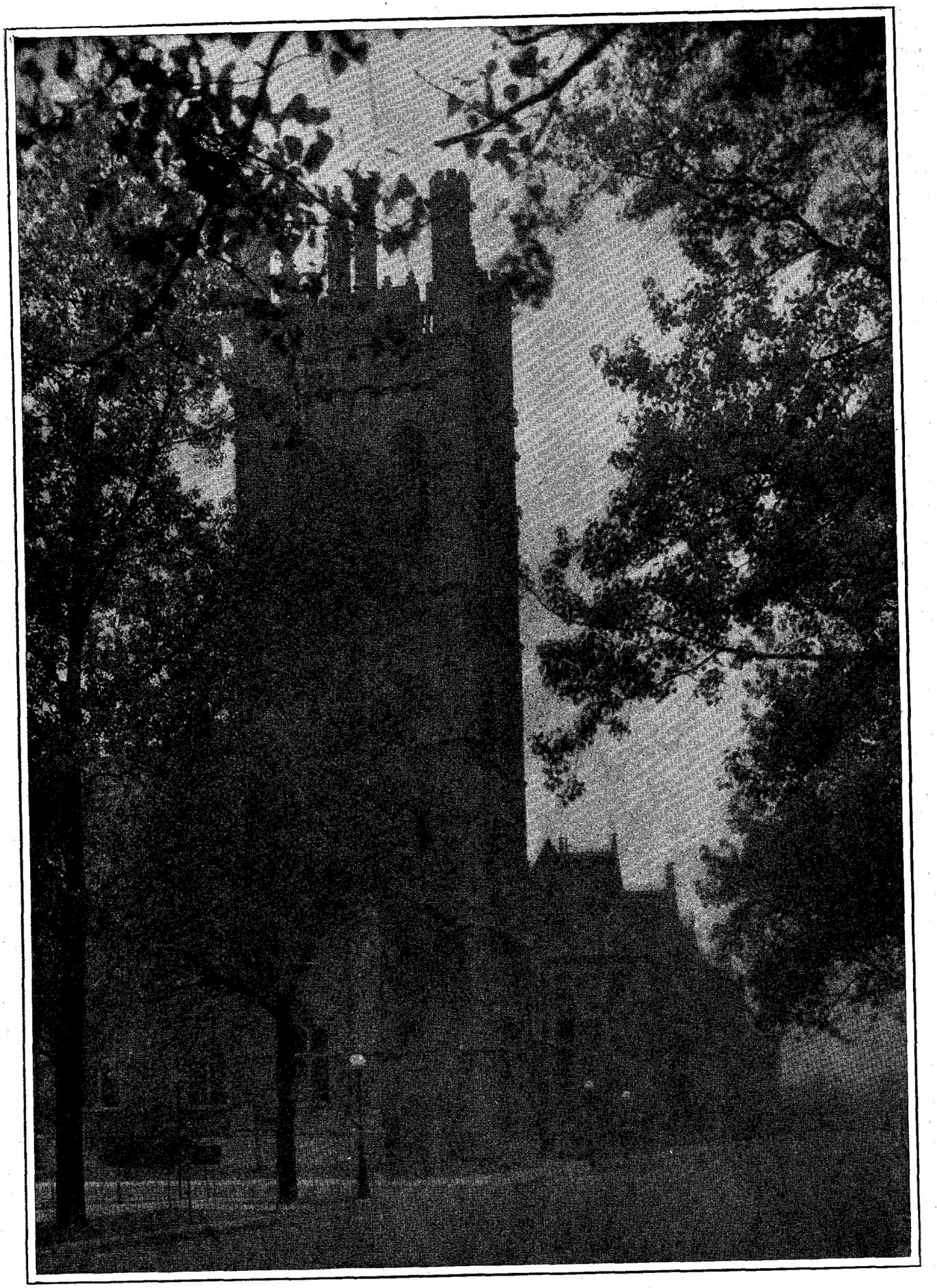

"Only thirty-two years ago where now the Gothic towers of the University rise in century-old dignity above the trees the Midway Plaisance ran its terrific side-show to the World's Fair"

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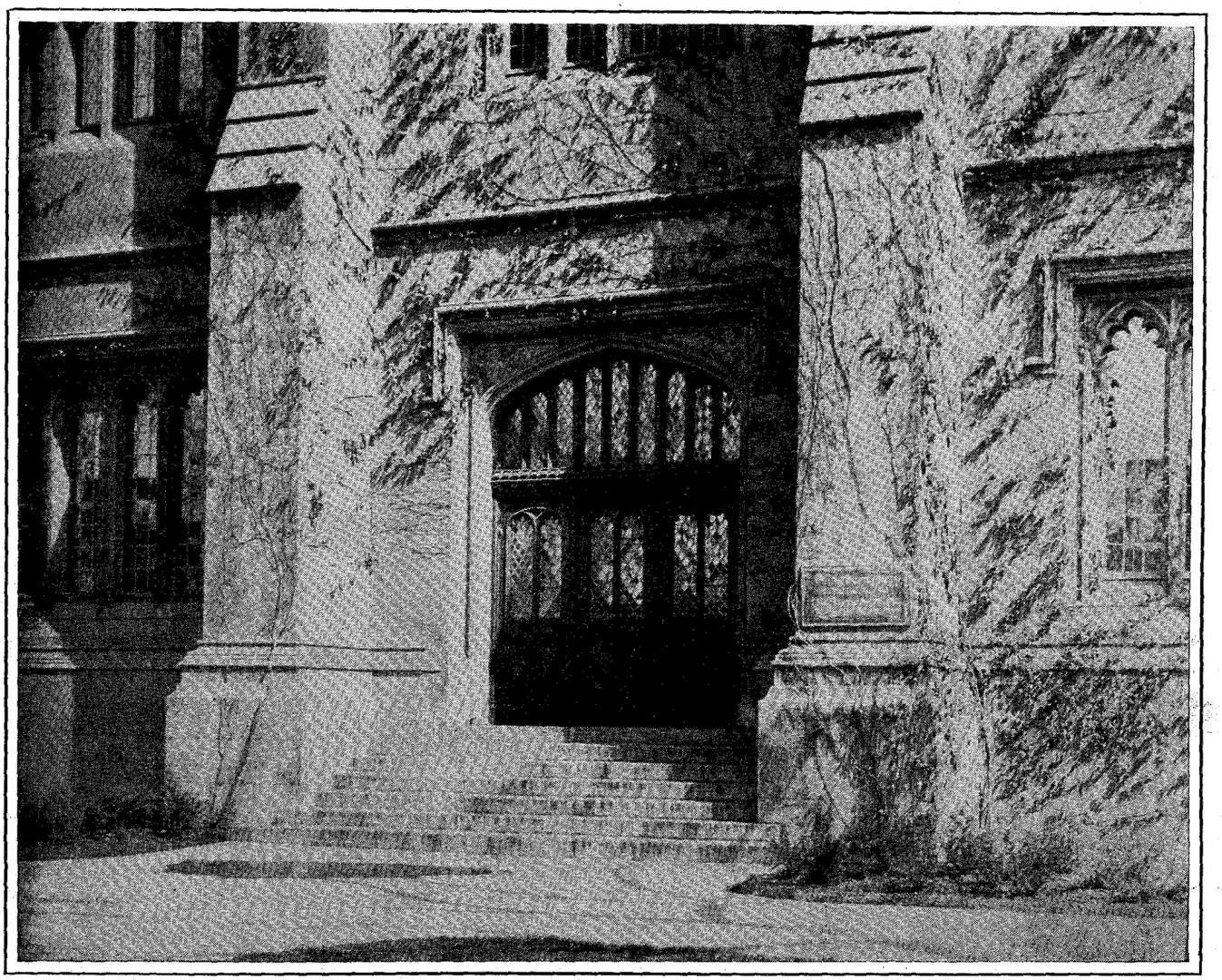
of the *homo novus* is legion. The city has a far larger proportion than Philadelphia or New York of sons whose forebears have succeeded or failed without a whiff of academic or scientific advantage. With no social prestige to be gained or maintained, these young men in annually increasing numbers stream towards the partially open doors of the University's undergraduate departments —partially open, because during the last ten years the press of numbers beyond facilities has forced the adoption of a selective process based on broad grounds of character and general ability to profit by what the University has to offer.

The other city door is wide open nine months of the year, right down in the business center of the Loop, where the Chicago "University College" was founded as long ago as 1898 for those who had to work for their living while acquiring, on the side, the means either for greater earning power or life more abundantly. These classes and lectures are conducted after four o'clock in the afternoons, in the evenings, and on Saturdays, and more than three thousand ambitious Chicagoans who cannot enjoy the collegiate environment of the quadrangles attend them. The instructors are regular members of the University faculties, the courses are the same in amount and quality of work as those in the central establishment and are credited as resident work toward University degrees.

THE University Press opens another door towards the publication of material not primarily considered for its popular or selling value. It edits and publishes about a dozen technical or professional journals, not one of which is expected to pay its own way, the University budget carrying an annual appropriation wherewith to make up the deficits. Moreover, it prints and publishes books by anybody if their substance be voted integrally worth while by the Board of University Publishers, made up of members of the Faculty and the editors of the Press.

When President Harper first undertook his great task of building open doors at Chicago, he persuaded one of the most famous university athletes of his, or any other, time to cast in his lot with the new educational adventure. In the years before intercollegiate sport became commercialized A. A. Stagg played football and baseball seven years for Yale. He left the theological school to make his profession the Christian job of building healthy bodies and the healthy minds to run them with. For thirty-two years—the life of the University—he has been in charge of athletics and athletic instruction at Chicago. He holds the position on the Faculty of full professor, and no man has had a more abiding influence in shaping the characters of the players of games who have passed through the University into the big game of life. The door into Stagg Field opens into a field of sport in which fair play has always been taken for granted. Boys may enter in, but men pass out by that door.

Gothic doorways. Cut out of enduring stone, closed with iron-bound oak, letting in the light through windows of ancient design. Ivy clings and climbs about them. Old world doorways opening to new worlds.



Mullioned windows opening into King's College Chapel interiors or high-wainscoted and dark-raftered refectories

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The What's the Use Club

Greatest American Organization Now in Its Most Flourishing Condition

By DON C. SEITZ

WHILE the United States is beyond all other lands in the extent of organizations with a big O, its greatest agglomeration is unorganized, in the sense that it has no president, vice-president, honorary president, or a well-paid secretary. Despite this dispiriting fact, it leads in membership and grows apace. This is the What's the Use Club. Voters alone are eligible, and about fifty per cent of this class in the country belong. There are no charter members, no directors, and no meetings. It is the easiest club to join, and therefore the most popular. I forgot to say that there are no dues except those the devil is expected to pay.

One of the popular features of the Club is that the person who desires to join needs no proposer or seconder. No membership committee holds inquest on him, meticulously measuring his merits. Acceptance of the motto is the sole test of eligibility. Having ejaculated "What's the Use?" initiation is over, and he or she (for women have here the same privileges as men) becomes at once a full-fledged, working member.

The beauty of the slogan is that it covers every impulse that can be checked, is peculiarly adapted to public affairs, and can even be extended to religious or charitable activities. Its widest field is in excusing non-appearance at the polls or abstaining from attendance at church. Some idea of the extent of its membership can be gained by election-day figures. It is estimated that there are 56,000,000 men and women in America of voting age. Only 29,000,000 of them put ballots in the boxes at the last general election. If reproved, each and every one of them quoted their membership in the club as a reason. "What's the use?" ends all argument. When the critic is faced with this query he is stumped. "What's the use?" he finds himself saying to himself. He cannot answer the question.

The root of the Club is found in an earlier slogan, "Let George do it." When George became too busy, "What's the use" of doing it at all? came into play. That somebody should do it, or that any public responsibility lay with them, was farthest from their thoughts.

This easy way of avoiding the duty of a citizen makes a wide appeal. Some members of the Club, not quite calm in conscience, repress their misgivings by adding that "politics is a dirty business" and seem to fall back on the Spanish proverb that dirty work should be done in dirty places—by dirty people—while they themselves keep clean.

Thus membership in the Club is always growing, and with it, political peril. As a result, government by parties in the United States is breaking down, and government by blocs and bureaucracies is taking its place. Perhaps we have run out of public issues, and have arrived at the Perfect State. It is well worth while to consider some of the attending circumstances. What has promoted our most successful organization?

There will, perhaps, be a thrill of horror when the opinion is expressed that Civil Service reform has had much to do with it. Under its operations the greater part of public employment has been taken away from the partisan and turned over to a privileged class, protected in their places by law, as no one is in private employment, with comfortable pensions ahead at the end of a very reasonable term of service.

The favored holders of these places—and they include policemen, firemen, school-teachers, letter-carriers, postal clerks, and all minor officials, including second-class postmasters and assistant postmasters in first-class offices—soon solidify themselves against the people at large. Thus they become potent before Congress and State Legislatures. They are able to force through benefits denied people generally. They maintain lobbies, raise large funds, and have commanders-in-chief as despotic and menacing as the head of the coal miners' union.

Loyalty to a party brings nothing in the way of reward to the ordinary citizen, who but for this system might get an occasional bite out of the public crib. Instead, he is denied a look in except by the long process of examinations and a waiting list that consists mostly of waits. There are no more spoils for the victor. So ambition fails and he joins the Club.

So we have a super-government that cannot be reached by any form of expression at the ballot-box. As one out of every twelve persons in the U. S. A. in gainful employment is on some sort of public pay-roll, they constitute a formidable force.

Added to all this, real issues do not exist in tangible form. Those who remain with their party do so, right or wrong. The independent element is too small to swing the balance. The great power lies with the What's the Use Club, whose members do not go to the polls or affiliate with any party. Thanks to the Club, these are becoming more and more difficult to reach and stir.

Through infinite processes of legislation, most matters of consequence, as well as the offices, have been taken away from the people, with the consequent atrophy of the two great parties. Tariff reform could and should be a great issue. It has been canned in the hands of a tariff commission owned by beneficiaries. Railroad regulation is similarly situated in an Inter-State Commerce Commission that will not let Henry Ford reduce freight rates or permit L. F. Loree to build a line across country in competition with the Pennsylvania and New York Central systems. The Commission has decided that Mr. Ford's proposed rates would annoy other roads and that Mr. Loree's scheme is too expensive—though he proposes to find the money himself.

The great differences aroused by prohibition are inchoate, politically. Thanks to the use of the Constitution in dealing with a sumptuary question, the country is stymied, so to speak. Canada could reverse its dry laws and experiment with something better. We cannot. Both parties are divided on the problem, and it is not possible for the dissatisfied to seize either one of them and fairly test the issue. We have created so much super-government, bound ourselves with so much tradition and judge-made laws, as to leave the voter helpless to do anything except join the Club. The parties thus become useless as a working remedial agent and petrify.

With small offices withheld from the people and large ones administered in the main by mediocrities, the country is at a stalemate. It can no longer create or correct by the party method. The attempts to act by third-party movements have been failures. Groups within the existing parties have been the resulting outcome. These can only log-roll. They can stop, but cannot produce results.

Sooner or later we must create some method by which issues can be brought swiftly and simply before the people. If this is not done, we can only look forward to increased membership in the Club and the complete destruction of popular government.

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An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

HAVING described last week his neighbors during his boyhood life on the edge of the Bowery, Charles Stelzle recounts in the following article some of his boyish experiences—his first jobs, the impish mischief he and his chum got into, his experience of being bailed out by a saloon-keeper, his combination of a bandage and a Bible, his friend the sport-loving parson, the snobbish poor, pigeons on the roof, "wild beasts" in the "forest" of the back yard and the cellar, mimic melodrama and real tragedy, and finally his apprenticeship.

III

Getting Out into the World

ONE day a letter came from my grandfather offering to have me brought to Germany, where I would be thoroughly educated, even to a university training. When my father died, my mother's friends had urged her to put at least one or two of the children into an orphan asylum; but she would not listen to them. I recall the horror I felt as I heard the cold-blooded discussion of some of our relatives who calmly tried to order our lives. Their fear was that we would become dependent upon them. To this day I am grateful that my mother got along without their assistance. My grandfather's offer, however, was plainly well worth considering; so plans were made to send me over with the ship's carpenter of the steamer Donau.

The day before I was to sail this kind German took my mother and me all over the ship, showed me my berth, and talked very fascinatingly about ocean travel. I remember we had a delicious little lunch in his cabin, of pumpernickel and white bread sandwiches, *Leberwurst,* and big red apples. I was to sail the next morning at ten o'clock. I went home with my mother, excited at the thought of the adventurous journey on the big boat, and with my mind dwelling on many experiences that I might possibly have. I went to bed feeling that I was a very important person.

The next morning I was up bright and early. My bag with my few belongings had been packed the night before. Soon the jolly carpenter came to get me. Then the unexpected happened. My mother refused to let me go. I didn't know whether to weep or feel relieved at not having to part from my family. There was something in my mother's face, however, that kept me from thinking about my side of the question. She never spoke of this incident after that, and I never did either. And, somehow, I have never felt that I lost an opportunity.

So I stayed in New York and went to the public school, working after hours and on Saturdays. We lived in the basement of a house on Orchard Street about this time; we always lived in one of the extremes of the house, either at the top or the bottom, because the rent was cheapest there. Across the hall from us was a little tobacco factory, one of those miserable little sweat-shops that the trades unions have done so much to drive out of existence. I went to work there.

It was my first job, stripping tobacco leaves. The owner paid me fifty cents a week for working from the middle of the afternoon until supper time, and two big cigars as a gratuity! It appears that the general practice of these little shops was to give each employee "smokers" at the end of a day's work, and, as I was an "employee," I was entitled to two cigars. I didn't smoke them, even though I may have thought it a manly performance, because the smell of tobacco made me feel sick, and it was all that I could do to conceal my nausea after stripping the pungent "Havana" leaves for several hours, without making matters worse by trying to smoke. I never told my mother of my dizzy feeling, as she would have promptly stopped my working in the shop. I was so proud of doing something toward the support of the family that I didn't propose to have the dignity of breadwinner taken from me.

My next job was selling newspapers. I stood on the corner of Fifth Street and Avenue B, and yelled at the top of my voice: "Pepper—pepper—Daily Noos!" The old "Daily News" was a four-page evening paper, widely read by working people. Indeed, besides the "Evening Telegram," a few copies of which straggled into the East Side, it was the only evening paper that came into the tenement district. It was a thoroughly human sheet, though not particularly sensational as we think of "yellow journalism" to-day. There was only one special "feature," a short daily story, which I always devoured, regardless of the fact that it was not always seasoned for a small boy's mental palate.

Selling newspapers wasn't hard work. I never got "stuck" with a single copy. And we boys used to have lots of fun between sales, pitching pennies and wrestling. Some of the boys were so sucessful at penny pitching that they made more money that way than by selling papers. We had never heard of "shooting craps" in those days.

For several months during a school-vacation period I served desserts in a restaurant, dispensing ice-cream and Napoleon cakes exclusively. This was an interesting job for a boy of ten, especially as a good many portions came back untouched and no record was kept of them—the boss simply kept tally of the desserts by the number of meals eaten.

DURING the Christmas season I went from house to house peddling oranges and Christmas candles. My mother and I went down to Washington Market and bought the oranges wholesale, by the box, and then lugged them home in big market-baskets. In spite of all the poverty on the East Side, there was always a great stir over Christmas. It was the one big celebration of the year. Poor as we were, my mother did not think it an extravagance to have a Christmas tree for us. She used to get one for fifteen cents, and we thought it a mighty big, fine tree, too. She would wait until we were all in bed and asleep on the night before Christmas; then she would slip out and get the tree and from various hiding-places she would lovingly bring out the decorations: lemon sticks and red and white peppermint rings, a few gilded nuts that she had used over and over again on our Christmas trees, and pink and blue and yellow tissue-paper rosettes with candies tied in the center of them. Besides, there were long

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strings of sugar-coated popcorn which she twined in and out of the dark-green branches. So quietly did she work that none of us ever woke up to catch her playing Santa Claus.

We always had a big celebration at Sunday school on Christmas. It was one of the great events of the whole year to us. Hope Chapel was a little mission occupying the second and third floors of an old tenement-house on the corner of Fourth Street and Avenue C. On the ground floor there was a grocery store, and back of it a stable. For twenty years Hope Chapel occupied this place, and it was a very important influence in my life. A wholesale druggist, a millionaire, was superintendent of the Sunday school. He used to spend night after night visiting the poor, and was really devoted to the people of the neighborhood.

OUR "gang" used to "hang out" in some bakery wagons that always stood across the street from Hope Chapel in the evenings. Inside of these wagons we huddled, concocting all sorts of deviltry. The policemen were after us about half the time. One of our favorite amusements was blocking up the keyhole of the front door of the Chapel with bits of wood just before service time. Then, from our hiding-place, we would watch the old sexton try to open the door, and poke and dig and jam the key angrily into the hole. We would whisper and chuckle with impish delight as we watched him struggle.

I had a chum at this time; his name was Joe. And what mischief I failed to think of he evolved. We never did anything really mean, for we were not bad boys; we simply were full of life and spirits, and we had to be doing something constantly. If I hadn't had to spend so much of my boyhood helping support my family, I am afraid I should have got into more trouble than I did.

As it was, I was twice arrested. On neither occasion, however, was I at fault. The first time it was for stealing a dog. At least, the owner said I stole him when I returned the "stray" and tried to collect the reward. I was kept in the police station all night, trying to sleep on the hard board in my cell. In the morning I was brought to the Jefferson Market Police Court, where I was bailed out by an East Side saloon-keeper. I think I should have been liberated in the first instance if I hadn't told Captain Williams that I was a member of Dr. Howard Crosby's chapel. Dr. Crosby had been charging the captain with responsibility for misdoings in the old Tenderloin district, of which he was in charge. I was promptly liberated when I was brought to trial, the jury not even leaving the box to consider the flimsy evidence of my accuser, who obviously was simply trying to get out of paying me the reward.

The second time was shortly before an election. As usual, the boys of the neighborhood were picking up boxes and barrels wherever they could find them, without much regard to ownership, for a big bonfire on election night. Suddenly they saw a policeman making for them, and they all ran, leaving me walking along quite alone. The fact was I was coming home from night school. I had not even stopped where they were. But, as the only available boy, the policeman promptly arrested me and took me to the station-house at Fifth Street and Second Avenue.

I wasn't afraid. I felt sure of myself, and frankly told the sergeant that I had come from night school. Just then the principal of the school, attracted by a crowd about the police station, came in to see what the trouble was. The sergeant turned to him and asked: "Do you know this boy? He says he goes to night school."

The principal looked at me for a second, and then promptly replied: "I never saw him there; he doesn't belong to night school at all!"

I was so stunned at this assertion that I hadn't wit enough to tell him in what class I was nor who was my teacher. I was so furious at his calm remark that I refused ever to go back to that night school. For a while I didn't go to any, but pretty soon my ambition revived and I went to another school.

FROM the time I was eleven years old I read voraciously. I was told that when I was twelve I could take out a membership ticket in the public library at the Bond Street Branch. Promptly on my birthday I presented myself for membership, and from that time on read a book a day.

I feared, after a while, that if the librarian discovered that I was taking out so many books she would withdraw my privilege of drawing out any or punish me in some other way. To obviate this I sneaked stealthily into the book rooms and tried to get away before she could see me, and I attempted to alternate between the clerks at the desk who kept the records of books drawn out.

The shop in which I worked was about a mile and a half from my home, and I used to read walking to and from work and at noon, eating my lunch. By the time I was fourteen I had a fairly good smattering of the arts and sciences. But what stayed with me longest and had the greatest influence on me was the knowledge of the Bible which I acquired one summer while I was convalescing from an illness.

To be more specific, I was recovering from a Fourth of July accident. I had sneaked up to the roof of our tenement early in the morning on the Fourth of July to light a mass of powder taken from broken Roman candles and skyrockets. What a glorious blaze it would make! Boylike, I thoroughly enjoyed a big flare of fire. I anticipated having a

East Side newsboys. "My next job was selling newspapers"

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beautiful time; but I didn't realize that the powder would blaze so high. I got the full force of it in my face, and was an invalid for two months. I couldn't go to the library for books and we had very few at home, so I finally got hold of an old Bible, as a last resort, and began reading at random.

My eye fell on a passage telling about a battle between King David and the Philistines—a fight, just what I loved! Battered up as I was, I still had spirit enough left in me thoroughly to enjoy the story of King David. I devoured page after page; and when I had read all about David, I began at the beginning of the Bible and went straight through. All day long I sat in a rocking-chair with my head bandaged, reading. I read more of the Bible during my convalescence than the average theological student reads during his entire three years' seminary course; and I had a far more vivid impression of Old Testament stories than most students ever acquire. Even to-day I can locate almost any verse in the Bible because of this early reading.

I was very regular in my attendance at Sunday school. I really enjoyed going, principally because Hope Chapel was a very human, sympathetic place under the direction of a hearty young Scotch-Irishman, Dr. W. J. McKittrick. He was fond of sports, which probably helped him preach a wholesome Gospel. He won my everlasting gratitude by taking me to my first professional baseball game. It was the game in which Kelly made his famous "slide."

We boys liked Hope Chapel even though we did play pranks to such an extent that one woman finally tried to have Joe and me put out of the Sunday school. She sent a petition around to the members of the congregation for them to sign, and only got six signatures, four of which were those of members of her own family. Soon after we both applied for church membership. I can't remember just why. Strange to say, I was accepted by the session, and Joe was rejected. The only way that I can account for it was that Joe talked too much!

THERE was a distinct social cleavage in the average tenement on the East Side, and there was just as much snobbishness among the poor as the poor to-day are so fond of charging against the rich. The families occupying the first floor were usually American and the most prosperous in the house. They held their heads very high. Whether they were right or not in their assumption of privilege, they always considered that they had first right to the yard; and if any of the people from the other floors presumed to share the privilege of the little strip of flagstones, they were treated with great contempt by the first-floor aristocrats. The higher up you lived, the poorer you were, and consequently the farther down the social scale. The church missionary went from house to house via the roof, because most of the people of her church lived at the top of the tenements. The more prosperous the East Side family became, the less they attended church.

During those stifling August nights, when it was simply impossible to sleep in the ordinary dark bedroom, we "top floorers" slept on the roof. Usually the people from the other floors joined us sooner or later; but we always managed to get the best places. We considered the roof our rightful property, just as the "first floorers" appropriated the yard; and when the first-floor aristocracy came up with their pillows to get a breath of air in the sultry summer nights, we treated them with scorn and contempt and didn't make any attempt to give them a chance to get good places. The tables were turned. We were the aristocracy of the roof.

The best part about living up under the roof was that you could keep pigeons. However, these pigeons were not kept merely as pets; they were used for "sporting" purposes. Nearly every tenement roof in the district was the home of a flock. If there was a lone pigeon flying about, every boy that spotted it immediately sent out his flock to try to bring home the "stranger," which was then captured by means of a simply devised trap. There was a good deal of rivalry in this business, for pigeons could always be sold at the bird store. They were sold pretty promptly after being caught, for woe betide the youngster who was found with a stolen pigeon! There was many a scuffle on the roofs of the tenements in an effort on the part of the real owner to regain by force his captured pigeon, sometimes at the peril of both owner and captor falling off the edge of the roof. We used to sit on the roof nearly all day Sunday, watching for stray pigeons.

A certain little group of us boys, about half a dozen of us, formed a club, and met in a pitch-dark corner of the cellar which was partitioned off from the rest of the space. Another meeting-place for the club was a space, about two feet wide and twenty-five feet long, between the two high board fences that marked the boundaries of our lot and the lot on the next street. I never could understand why the two feet were wasted. But no doubt when one or the other owner erected his fence, a mistake was made in marking off the boundary-line.

Strange as it may seem, at the bottom of this abyss there was some real soil, from which sprouted green things. They were nothing but weeds, but they were things that grew, and that was enough; for there wasn't an inch of dirt to be found in the stone-paved yard just over the fence, and that belonged to the lower-floor folks, anyway. The rays of the sun shot down between the high fences for a few minutes at noon, and worked wonders for the rank vegetation. We shared this secluded spot with the cats of the neighborhood; or, rather, they shared it with us—principally when we weren't around. Somehow, our club boys and cats were sworn enemies. We regarded them as the wild beasts of our "forest."

Our other meeting-place, down in the cellar, also had its charms. In the first place, it was secluded. Then there were plenty of cats. It did not require much imagination to fancy that the two burning eyes that stared at us in the dark belonged to wild beasts, creatures to be pursued to the limit of one's daring. Somebody one day organized a "boys' club" in our neighborhood, but it was only mildly successful. In the first place, there were too many rules and regulations; and, in the second place, we hadn't a thing to do with the running of it. It was ever so much more cheerful in our dark cellar, and we had full charge.

We made some seats and a table of old boxes, and used to sit solemnly in a circle, with one miserable little end of a candle burning in the center, and discuss all sorts of weighty things. What we talked about, however, I haven't the slightest recollection, except that we dwelt a great deal on our chances for going out West to shoot Indians and eat bear meat in true trapper fashion.

THERE were some very good "variety shows" on the Bowery in my boyhood days—the old London, Harry Miner's, and Tony Pastor's—and I used to go regularly once a week. I had a good friend, a saloon-keeper, who received one free ticket a week for displaying the play-bills in his window. He wasn't a "low-browed brute," and he didn't give me the ticket because he wanted to entice me into his saloon. He was just a good-natured German who had taken a fancy to me. He wasn't fond of the theater himself, so he gave the tickets to me.

And how I did enjoy those shows! They were usually good, wholesome fun, full of farcical situations, with some clog-dancing and acrobatic feats for variety. Then there was a short melodramatic sketch, which invariably stirred me to the point of weeping. There was always

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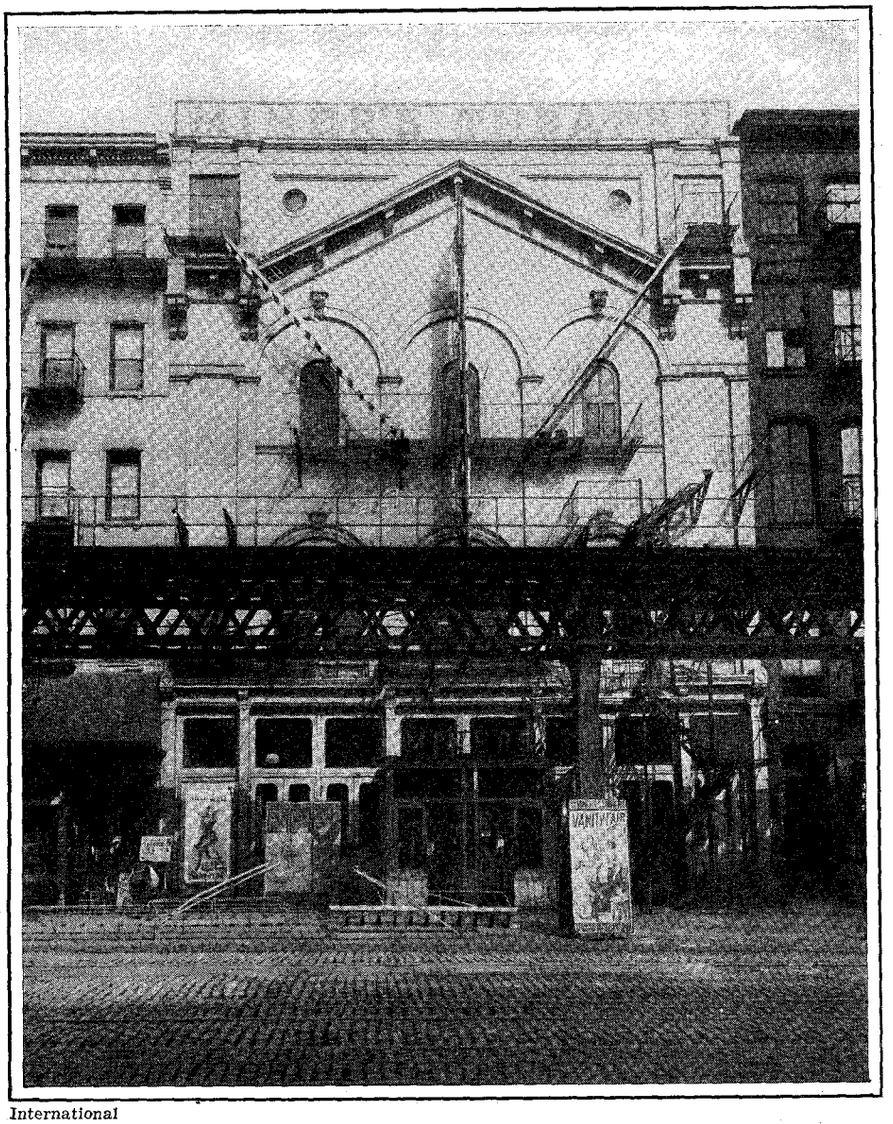

International

" There were some very good ' variety shows ' on the Bowery in my boyhood days—the old London, Harry Miner's, and Tony Pastor's—and I used to go regularly once a week "

a poor "goil" who received very bad treatment at the hands of the villain. I always had my programme high up in front of my face and studied it hard for a few minutes after this sketch was over until I regained my manly composure. Crude as were those sketches, they stimulated my imagination and often made me think much about the lives of others—not for long at a time, it is true; but I do know that the theater gave me a glimpse of another world from that in which I was living.

It is curious how the trouble of stage characters moved me to tears and how little I thought about the real troubles of my neighbors; I suppose because they never complained. One family of six, our neighbors, lived on bran for a week. This must have been even worse than stale rolls. But no one knew about it until they got out of their condition of dire poverty.

There is always a great deal of preventable illness among the poor; and the trouble does not always come from ignorance or careless neglect on their part. I recall a seven-year-old boy who sat for weeks, pale-faced and pining away, in front of the house in which we lived, and finally died because the young, inexperienced doctor could not properly diagnose his case. Too late the skilled physician came. The boy was too far gone. He had been treated for malaria, when, as a matter of fact, he had pneumonia or typhoid fever, I've forgotten which.

And so thousands of others died; families too poor to call in a doctor or pay for medicine, their children passing away as though cut down by a scythe. Fortunately, conditions of health are very much better to-day.

Soon I left school—I was eleven years old—and went to work regularly. My first position after I left school was in an artificial-flower factory. At the end of the first week's work I was paid two big "trade" dollars, and all the way home I held them in my hands, banging them together like a pair of cymbals. I worked there until I was fifteen. There were mostly girls in the place except for the few boys who were "cutters"—those who cut the flower petals out of sheets of silk or nainsook folded into about a dozen thicknesses. We used stamps or metal cutters for this purpose and with big hammers pounded them out. I spent many happy days in this shop. Two of my sisters worked there, too, and all the girls were, as we used to say, "the real goods." I am convinced, as the result of my few years' experience in this shop, which employed about seventy-five girls, mostly from the East Side, that the shop-girl is about as virtuous as the average girl in any other walk of life. This impression has been confirmed by later conversations with my sisters, who, of course, knew most of these girls intimately.

But my "big job" at this time was that of machinist apprentice in the works of R. Hoe & Company, the printing-press manufacturers. Very early in my life I had an ambition to run a newspaper. I used to sit on the end of the docks of the East River and build castles in the air; how I would become a newspaper editor in a small city and shape public opinion, and finally, of course, run the whole town.

One of my cousins had served an apprenticeship in the shops of R. Hoe & Company, and from there he had gone as pressman to the "Daily News," the paper that I sold when I was a small boy. This cousin offered to get me a job building printing-presses. I thought that was pretty closely related to the newspaper business. So I gladly went with him to interview the superintendent of R. Hoe & Company.

But I found, to my chagrin, that I was nine months too young to be entered as an apprentice, as they did not employ boys in the machine-shop under sixteen years of age. But I was offered a job in the warerooms of the concern, and there I worked until I was old enough to begin my apprenticeship.

Then began the five long years of service, at two dollars a week for the first year, and seven dollars a week during the last year of my apprenticeship. I had been earning six dollars at the artificial-flower shop. To permit me to take another job at only two dollars a week was another evidence of the courage and self-sacrifice of my mother, because it meant additional burdens for her. But she was far-visioned enough to see that in the end I would be holding a bigger job, and she was ready to pay the price.

In the next installment Mr. Stelzle, not only pictures the life, but reveals the point of view, of the machinist in the shop. "The average workman," he says, "is more afraid of being out of a job than he is of going to hell."

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Kitchen Statesmen

By ETHEL WADSWORTH CARTLAND

What is the mother's destiny in our political life? What kind of place is woman's place in the home?

"WHY, Beatrice has five kids! She's a mere kitchen drudge! All she knows in life are the dishpan and the cook-book! She doesn't see anything or know anything worth while in life. She's lost her chance to do anything real in the world."

So spoke a certain young woman of my acquaintance as she refused to marry the man of her heart. She has the near-sighted view of many of our young people toward the woman with children. They truly feel that from the experience of motherhood a woman derives no compensation for her sacrifices and the world receives no commensurate gain. They have never imagined that out of kitchens come statesmen, that out of drudgery comes character, that in the midst of children comes the greatest happiness known to any woman, and that the contribution of five useful citizens is worth more to the world than any other female accomplishment. Above all, they do not recognize the mother's destiny in our political life.

WHILE talking with a professional woman I heard from her a sad account of the marriage and retirement of a certain brilliant young woman.

"And the worst of it is, Mrs. Cartland, she says she's going to have eight children, and never, never come back to us," mourned the chum. "She says she's going to become a kitchen statesman! Now what is that, I'd like to ask you? She had the face to advise us all in the studio to get married and have children. She says there is nothing we women can possibly do as women that has not already been done over and over, and done better, by men. She says that the men will be delighted to get us out of their way. I don't believe that, do you? Yes, and worse than all, she says that as a kitchen statesman she will be qualified to enter politics after the eight children are at school, and expects to run for Congress as a mother-statesman to work for child and mother welfare, world prohibition, and world peace. I said, 'I guess, Portia, you think you can rule the world like Alexander and Napoleon!' She said: 'Not personally, as they did, but through my children.'

"Portia went on to say, 'Don't you know that one European state, Czechoslovakia, has given women a definite part to perform in legislation, that they have originated and put through most of the social legislation, and after trial the Government announces that it is well satisfied with their work? Don't you know that Lady Astor says that women must have a unique place in politics, and don't you see that nothing in this world can prepare a woman for this sort of a career like motherhood?' I can't argue, and this stuff is new to me and out of my line—but *eight* children! She'll get eight votes, anyhow! But what is a kitchen statesman?"

I put that question later to a friend of mine who is the leading woman in one of our large cities.

"My mother," she said, "was certainly a kitchen statesman. I was a little girl when Lincoln was shot, and I can never forget the stricken look on my mother's face as she fell on her knees in the middle of the kitchen floor and, with all the rest of the family weeping around her, prayed God to guide our bereaved Nation through that dark period following the war. Mother always claimed that Lincoln's next work was to have been the suppression of the liquor traffic, and she herself started the first temperance society in our town. I well remember how the neighbors eagerly sought and highly valued my mother's opinion. We often had political gatherings in the evening at the old home, when National problems were discussed. One summer evening a Congressman was present. The house was crowded, and people overflowed upon the veranda and lawn. After the meeting I came into the back parlor with a crowd of other children. The distinguished man was just taking his leave. 'What is it,' he asked my mother, 'that makes you such a radical thinker? You are two hundred years ahead of us all, but your ideas are sound—they are fine, and will be generally held some day, although not now. Where did you pick up these ideas of government?' Mother drew an armful of children to her and faced him smilingly. 'From my children,' she replied. 'Motherhood stimulates what you call radical thinking. You men plan for the present day and generation, but mothers plan for the future and for the race. You men go into politics with your heads, but mothers go into politics with their hearts.' The Congressman was right; my mother was

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ahead of her time; she stood alone in advocating measures which have since become several amendments to our National Constitution. I think Portia intends to become such a woman, and it is only through motherhood that she can become such a woman. My own mother had eleven children."

WE have always had these kitchen statesmen among us, the progressive women thinkers of their communities. They were mothers, mostly, who started the Washingtonian movement, which has finally resulted in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. They fought slavery by many hearthsides, and, for the sake of their daughters and their homes, asked for suffrage and the higher education of women. They have done their part in supporting the Federal Child Labor Law (now discarded) and the minimum wage laws for women (now discarded), and they have striven to secure pure food and to do away with sweat-shops. They have not always been successful, but their efforts are the inevitable goals of our democracy.

Consider the case of Harriet Beecher Stowe, "a little dried-up wisp of a woman," a mother of seven children, wife of a poor, underpaid professor in a struggling little college, who sat down with a baby in the cradle beside her and little toddlers playing about the room and wrote those pictures of slavery that stirred the whole civilized world to action. She was radical because of her motherhood. She says: "When I looked on my own children, and thought what it would mean to me to be torn from them and to leave them to the care of strangers, my heart bled for the slave mother, and I cried to Almighty God for strength to write what would arouse good men to end it!"

In the midst of little children a woman receives her greatest stimulus to progressive and fundamental thinking. All up and down our land to-day mothers are thinking, reasoning, planning, in the midst of their little ones, not for themselves, but for the next generation. Motherhood compels it, the greatest developing and ennobling and quickening power that can ever come into any woman's life.

WHEN women's votes have been advocated or opposed, it has most often been the mother's vote which has been invoked or feared. Young women may vote carelessly; business women may vote as business men; but mothers will always vote with their little children's welfare in mind. They will think always of those children who must so soon go out into the world, subject to the false and the true that people long

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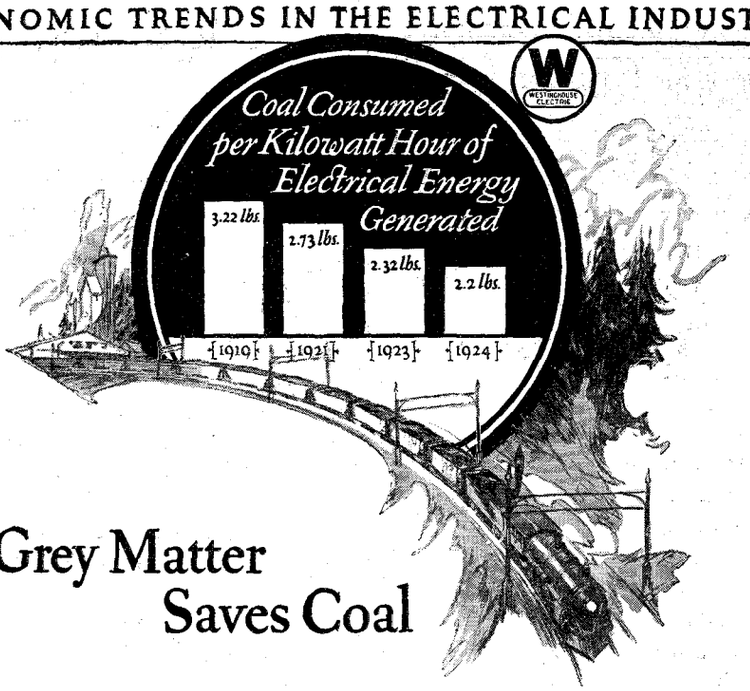

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dead have planned and made into life and law.

On this subject a woman writes to me: "At a luncheon recently one of the fourteen young married women present commented on the fact that none of them had a child. All agreed that they did not intend to have any. They were determined to get the most pleasure out of life for themselves, and they agreed, frankly, that they cared nothing for the next generation." Of course these women care nothing for the next generation, but the mother by her very experience of motherhood will inherit the earth—and also its responsibilities. Her child is the pledge of her devotion to the next generation, and her vote, her interest, and her influence are already secured for its welfare and betterment.

The kitchen statesmen now have the vote. In twenty years, about the time my friend Portia emerges into politics, they may hold the balance of voting power. We are told that six million women of the better class are already organized in this country for different kinds of social, religious, artistic, and economic betterment. In some localities in recent elections three women voted to one man.

The pretty, accomplished, care-free girl does often become the household drudge. She must often suffer long months of discomfort, distress, and even pain, and all the while, putting aside her own feelings, labor and serve in the humblest fashion. People look on and say her life is wasted. The fingers that skipped the piano keys become stiff. The figure that was so slim and stylish becomes robust and hearty. Beauty goes, but character comes. Idealism comes. Vision comes. Conservation, world peace, international charity, law enforcement, national ambitions, a host of political problems that she neither knew anything about nor cared anything about before, or ever would have cared about, now become interesting, challenging, momentous. Her whole point of view is changed. Her whole attitude is changed. She hungers and thirsts for righteousness in the world, longing for a safe, a sane, a happy life, not any longer for herself, but for the babe that suckles at her breast and the toddler at her knees. The strongest instinct of woman's life, maternity, is at last aroused; and there is no length to which a strong mother will not go, and no impossible heights she will not scale, and no incredible future she will not claim for her children. Her very soul is changed. "The true politics," said Socrates, "is first of all a politics of the soul." Here the mother begins—with her soul!

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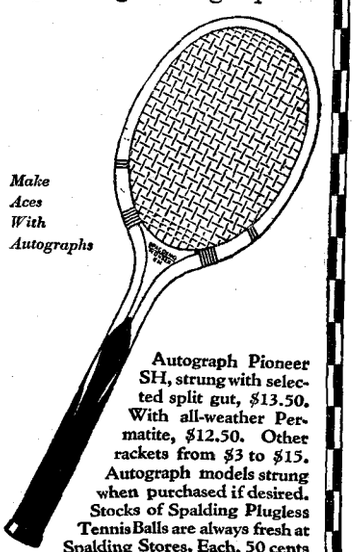

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Who in any community feels deepest that the Eighteenth Amendment should be enforced? It is the mother who wants the liquor kept away from her boys. Who feels deepest that a living wage should be paid to every workingwoman? It is the mother who fears for her young and inexperienced girls. Who is most concerned with the need of child-labor legislation? It is the mother—they might be her own children.

WELL for the progress of the world that mothers have this devotion to posterity! Wise is the nation that follows them, kitchen statesmen, our true political leaders. The political rulers of the nations have now to face indignant motherhood. Here, in the defense of posterity by her vote, is woman's unique place in politics that rulers and politicians have stolen from her. Oh, the mountains of dead that might now be living had the mothers of the nations been consulted before the World War was precipitated upon them! Oh, the horrors of sin, suffering, and death that might now be avoided had the mothers of the nations one-tenth the power of the politicians! Now hers the labor, the pain, the sacrifices, the tears, the weariness, the night vigils, the lack of leisure, of pretty things, of travel and vacations, social delights, prestige, national honor, public position, political authority, even power over the life of the sons she has borne; while he, the smug politician, breaks down law, frees criminals and murderers, steals the people's money, gives away the nation's resources, condemns with his courts children and women to economic slavery, and last, worst crime against motherhood, drives her boys off to war to commit wholesale murder, and leaves not even the poor, pitiful flesh for her to weep over and bury!

The most needed political reforms of to-day are in the realm of the home. They have to do with the protection of women and children and the preservation of the next generation. These reforms will never be secured until we have more Portias, those women who marry not only for love, but with an ideal family in their hearts. Every influence that we as a people can exert in the direction of this kind of a marriage is a patriotic duty, and every detrimental influence is treasonous! One of the few true things that the politicians have ever said—as politicians—is that woman's place is in the home. It is—in the home with the vote, and that vote sacredly used to protect that home; this is the unique place of the American woman in our politics, her greatest act of service to the state.

With a little mirror, look ***behind*** *and* ***between*** *your teeth, in the places seldom reached with a brush. That's where decay and tartar work destruction.*

Behind and between

your teeth---that's where trouble starts

NEARLY forty years ago, Dr. W. D. Miller, an American dentist practicing in Germany, demonstrated that colonies of acid forming germs attach themselves to the enamel by means of the sticky mucin film. If allowed to remain in one spot for any length of time, these germ colonies secrete sufficient acid to eat through the enamel.

After Miller's discovery of the cause of tooth decay, it was thought that decay could be prevented simply by killing the germs. Thus antiseptic dentrifices were introduced. Needless, to say, they proved unsuccessful, for the germs were apparently snugly protected in, or under, the heavy accumulation of mucin (mucin plaques).

By and by, scientists agreed that it was necessary to find a mucin solvent, so that the germ laden mucin film could be thoroughly removed, especially from **the inaccessible spaces between teeth, where a brush cannot be effectively applied.** It is in these places that your dentist looks first for trouble—and invariably finds it.

After nearly 30 years of fruitless search for such a solvent, the problem was laid before the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, an endowed scientific institution, operated without profit. Here a formula was gradually perfected for a harmless, yet exceedingly effective mucin solvent. It was called Mu-Sol-Dent.

Mu-Sol-Dent is a liquid, for *only a liquid can reach and clean the inaccessible spaces behind and between teeth.* Before being given to the public, it was submitted to the leading dentists for clinical tests. Soon a flood of letters came pouring in from these professional men, all testifying to amazing results obtained by this revolutionary new method of cleaning teeth. Over 5,000 such reports were received in a short time.

Mu-Sol-Dent not only is a great step forward in preventing decay, but also practically prevents tartar from forming. Tartar is the commonest cause of bleeding gums, pus pockets, pyorrhea, loss of teeth and health. Dentists and physicians soon found that Mu-Sol-Dent is amazingly healing when used for sore gums, after tooth extraction and as a gargle and nasal wash in treatment of colds, sore throat, etc.

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By DON C. SEITZ

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Fiction

CLOUD CUCKOO LAND. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

When the power of Athens was failing and Sparta was still fresh, austere, and valiant and when Cyrus the Persian was planning his famous march to the sea, men and women loved and suffered and children played and were charming even as to-day. "An historical novel about Greece and the islands of the seas, about 600 B.C."—that sounds scholarly and serious. Mrs. Mitchison has made her characters glow with life and move naturally in the places and time in which they are put. The personal, in short, holds its own well as compared with the historical and classical. There is fighting on land and sea, political revolution, the drinking of hemlock by fallen rulers, and a vivid picture of the strife between democracy and oligarchy and the shifting leagues and counter-plots between the great and little Greek states. But this book is not Greek history nor Greek literature; it is the life of certain Greeks as it went on in war time and in peace. It does not require scholarship to enjoy this book, only a sense of the drama of human aspiration, sorrow and despair, or triumph.

UP HILL, DOWN DALE. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

As full of rich country flavor as the clotted cream of his own beloved Devonshire, where the scene of all of them is laid, these sixteen short stories by Mr. Eden Phillpotts are inferior to his novels in length but not in quality. They are widely various in subject, ranging from the tragic, the thrilling, and the gruesome to broad rustic comedy. Every one of them is good, but our personal preference is for a delicious tale of a lone old "widow-man" and his brindled cat. Good cat stories are as rare as good dog stories are many, which is fair neither to the excellent literary possibilities of puss nor the natural cravings of cat lovers. This story of Peter Blount, Sunny Jim, his pet, and the vet., who is the comic villain of the piece, is a gem.

JERICHO SANDS. By Mary Borden. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

"Jericho Sands" is the story of a romantic love that moves relentlessly to a bitter end. The lovely young Priscilla Brampton marries Simon Birch, rector of Creech St. Michaels and Lord of the Manor, "because he was good, and she was fond of him." As might be expected, she later meets and falls in love with Crab Willing, only son and heir of Tupper, fifteenth Marquis of Moone. These two fly straight in the face of convention, and because of their love "succeed in doing themselves and every one concerned an immense amount of harm." Simon is "a clergyman of the intenser mold." Madly in love with his wife and unable to reconcile this passion with his mystic love for his God, he suffers from repressed desires and an insane jealousy, which makes his subsequent actions more explicable in the name of Freud than in the name of religion. Not a pleasant book, but one with a deep and passionate sincerity. Miss Borden has analyzed her characters so minutely as sometimes to be painful, and bared their emotions beyond a point which we have been taught to believe British.

FERNANDE. By W. B. Maxwell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

It is fairly certain that "Fernande" will stand second in the list of Mr. Maxwell's novels only to his "Spinster of this Parish," and there are very, very few recent novels of English life that compare with it in the art of developing the characters and making them work out their ruin or their social solidity as their natures impel them. The old truth that few men and women are all bad or all good is thoroughly illustrated. Fernande has been pushed by an abominable mother, a drunken husband, and an irresponsible nominal husband into desperate straits; her career is deplorable; yet the reader sees plainly that there is something true-hearted about her and pities rather than despises her. There are several carefully drawn fiction portraits in the novel and its interest is continually sustained by incident and dialogue. Some readers will find things to cavil at as too frank, but the intention is certainly not injurious or vulgar.

Essays and Criticism

PETER PANTHEISM. By Robert Haven Schauffler. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Schauffler is not old, nor stodgy, nor mincingly literary, but he is refreshingly free from the smart-Aleck commonness of the familiar prose of to-day. Now and then in his latest volume, "Peter Pantheism," he seems to be trying to write down to his audience a bit. Here and there, especially in two papers of juvenile reminiscence, "Cupid in Kilts," and "Cupid in Knickerbockers," he totters on the dreadful verge of sprightliness. At his best, he has the

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same kind of charm (we say kind, not degree) that belong to Elia, and the Autocrat, and Miss Repplier, and Dr. Crothers—and to Christopher Morley & Co. at *their* best. In the right mood, and at the right time, he entertains us with the warmth and grace of that fabled creature, the gentleman-and-scholar. The first essay in "Peter Pantheism" is a jewel of price—a little masterpiece of the ingenious amenity and well-tempered humor, the unlabored, ruminating, yet mellow and rounded discourse, which we lovingly expect of that not yet obsolete form of expression, the familiar essay.

THE ENGLISH COMIC CHARACTERS. By J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Priestley's matter is familiar. He writes of Falstaff, Touchstone, the brothers Shandy, the two Wellers, Mr. Collins, Dick Swiveller, and Mr. Micawber. One might resuscitate the old pun and say that his manner is also familiar. It is certainly sprightly and confidential. In short, he has done a book of popular character which is more than a little disappointing when considered in the light of two of his previous books, "I For One" and "Figures in Modern Literature." Of the essays here, that on Prince Seithenyn, from Peacock's "Misfortunes of Elphin," is the most in his old vein. We venture the hope that Mr. Priestley will use this essay as the starting-point of a new book on English comic characters, these to include (we suggest) Christopher Vance, Charles and Lupin Pooter, Mr. Polly, Miss Wilberforce, and the Duke of Dorset.

History

FORTY YEARS ON THE FRONTIER. As Seen in the Journals and Reminiscences of Granville Stuart. Edited by Paul C. Phillips. Illustrated. 2 vols. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland. $12.50.

Granville Stuart was eighteen years old when in 1852, in the company of his father, his brother James, and a friend, he took the overland journey from Iowa to California. In the winter of 1857–8 he drifted into Montana, and there, until his death in 1918, he remained. He was probably (the matter is still disputed) the first white man to discover gold in that State; he was one of the pioneers in its cattle industry, and in all the development of that region he was one of the most active and influential agents. Through most of those years he kept a diary, much of which he subsequently rewrote. He was studious and thoughtful, a close and accurate observer, and a careful writer. He could draw, too, and some of his sketches are excellent. The period treated in this

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book covers only the first two-thirds of his frontier experience. His diary and reminiscences are an invaluable part of the historical record of Montana.

THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS. Compiled and Edited by J. Marvin Hunter. Illustrated. The Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn.

Here is an imposing book, weighing about ten pounds, with more than a thousand pages given to the reminiscences of men who in the days between 1867 and 1895 drove their cattle up the Chisholm trail from the Texas ranges to the Kansas markets. These men tell when and where they were born, how they happened into the cattle business, and what they saw and did on the journey. Across swollen creeks and rivers, in the face of violent storms of wind, rain, hail, and snow, harassed often by Indians, rustlers, and "bad men," they drove their long herds northward, meeting every danger with an epic dash and daring. In the twenty-eight-year period from the opening to the closing of the trail ten million cattle and a million horses were driven along its course. Whoever wants the rough material of this heroic period will find it in this book.

Poetry

HUMAN SHOWS, FAIR PHANTASIES, SONGS AND TRIFLES. By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Any book written by Thomas Hardy deserves attention; a book written by any one eighty-five years old requires respect; and a book containing any one of the five or six really important poems that are in this volume demands applause. Having written them, this did not prevent Mr. Hardy from also including in the volume a number of the most wondrous examples of what we playfully call the lyric art that ever went through a printing-press.

In this respect it would be difficult to choose between the poem containing—

> As the timid quivering steer,
> Starting a couple of feet
> At the prod of a driver's stick,
> And trotting lightly and quick,
> A ticket stuck on his rump,
> Enters with a bewildered jump.

and the verse ending—

> While woodlands, finches, sparrows, try to entune at one time
> And cocks and hens and cows and bulls take up the chime.

although a body of qualified judges would probably give the decision to the chiming bulls, on points.

Apart from these occurrences, Mr. Hardy has incorporated a number of those fragments of West Country tradition—little stories and descriptions that made his "Wessex Tales" such pleas-

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ant reading. He seems fascinated by rhythms and complicated verse forms. There are many technical experiments of this nature in the book, not a few very successful, though there are some that it were charitable to call unfortunate.

Still there remains "Waiting Both" with which the book opens:

A star looks down at me,
And says: "Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do,—
Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,
Wait, and let time go by,
Till my change come,"—"Just so,"
The star says: "So mean I:—
So mean I!"

When he wrote that Thomas Hardy was a poet.

Music

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC: HOW TO FIND IT AND HOW TO SHARE IT. By Edward Dickinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

A spirit of quiet jubilation is evident in the introduction to Mr. Dickinson's admirable book. He has seen an extraordinary growth in the extent and quality of appreciation of music in the United States. He can remember the time when there were not half a dozen orchestras in this country capable of playing a Beethoven symphony to the satisfaction of a trained musician, and only one—the old Theodore Thomas Orchestra of New York—which made regular concert tours. Back in the '80's his harmony teacher threw cold water on his ambition to speak on music by telling him that there was no demand for lectures on music in this country and no sign that there ever would be. Times have changed certainly, but the musical millennium is not here yet. Mr. Dickinson's insistence on the necessity of broad culture for the interpreter of music and, for the listener to music, a more discriminating attitude than what George Santayana summed up as "drowsy reveries interrupted by nervous thrills" is as necessary now as in the days when he seemed to be a voice crying in the wilderness. For one man who already confesses to some degree of music in his soul Mr. Dickinson's taste in his choice of quotation and illustration has proved a continual delight.

Art

HOWARD PYLE: A CHRONICLE. With an Introduction by N. C. Wyeth and Many Illustrations from Howard Pyle's Works. By Charles D. Abbott. Harper & Brothers, New York. $5.

A satisfactory record of an orderly, useful, and beautiful life. For the neat-minded reader who likes to study his subject by "periods" Pyle possessed no

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less than five, although no two of these were mutually exclusive. There is an appreciable link, Mr. Abbott shows, between his first fairy stories and fables for children and his later work in the period of the Middle Ages. From that to his transcendent pirates was an easy step. His interest in American history was pre-eminent from his first student days in New York. His mystical and allegorical books, "Rejected of Men" and "The Garden Behind the Moon," were easily attributable to his Quaker and Swedenborgian upbringing. But except for his early debt to Dürer his artistic methods were his own. Although he died in Italy, he avoided Europe all his lifetime, fearing that he might lose something of the American spirit, which he thought an indispensable adjunct to his creative work and his teaching.

He never cared to work any one vein to exhaustion. When he said farewell to his mediæval period one is amused to read: "I do not think that it is right for me to spend so great a part of my time in manufacturing drawings for magazine stories which I cannot regard as having any really solid or permanent value. Mr. Cabell's stories, for instance, are very clever and far above the average of magazine literature, but they are neither exactly true to history nor exactly fanciful." What will Mr. Mencken and Mr. Rascoe say to this heresy?

Biography

NOTES AND ANECDOTES OF MANY YEARS. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Bishop comments entertainingly on many of the noteworthy persons whom he has known during his long period of service in New York journalism. Among them are Horace Greeley, Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, and E. L. Godkin. The most interesting passages in his book are those descriptive of the "Tribune" office, which he entered as a reporter in 1870, and of Mr. Greeley and the members of his staff. Here he gives a picture of New York journalism as it existed long before the yellow peril of sensationalism robbed it of so much of its dignity and charm. The "Tribune" was at this time the most powerful newspaper in America, with a weekly edition that circulated in every town and village in the land and was read by hundreds of thousands who regarded it as the Gospel. The editorial staff in 1870 included George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, William Winter, John R. G. Hassard, and John Hay, a galaxy of literary talent such as could hardly be found in any newspaper office at the present day. Of Greeley himself Mr. Bishop gives us a convincing

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picture, as those old enough to remember him will certainly bear witness. His round cherubic face with its fringe of white whiskers, his white hat, his slovenly attire, were all familiar to New Yorkers of the sixties and before that. Regarding Henry Ward Beecher, first editor and virtual founder of The Outlook, the author quotes John Hay as saying that he was "the greatest preacher that the world has known since St. Paul preached on Mars Hill." A book that will instruct the present generation and refresh the memories of their elders.

LETTERS OF ROSA LUXEMBURG TO KARL AND LUISE KAUTSKY. Edited by Luise Kautsky. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

A volume of scrappy and not very interesting letters, which, however, throw some light on a much more interesting character. Rosa Luxemburg—"Red Rosa"—brilliant scholar, gifted teacher, born conspirator, and ardent revolutionist, imperious, audacious, lawless, gay, a fearless fighter and a willing martyr, is a person whom, however the future historian may emphasize or minimize her leadership, he cannot ignore. There is a something gallant about her which, it is safe to prophesy, will in due time engage also the attention of writers of romance. Red of the reddest though she was, a menacing figure if you please, so too were those women of the French Revolution whose exploits in film and story even the gentlest pink-and-whites, than whom none are more apt to-day to see red at the word red, now read or view with unperturbed interest and enjoyment.

Notes on New Books

MRS. SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND MARRIAGE. By Dr. Appleton Morgan. The Shakespeare Society of New York.

An interesting theory investigated by the President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

A PARENT'S GUIDE TO CHILDREN'S READING. By Mary Graham Bonner. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AS VIEWED FROM GENEVA. By William E. Rappard. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.50.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA. By John J. Wynne. The Universal Knowledge Foundation, New York. $1.50.

THE RELIGION OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By James Madison Stifler. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ORIENTAL INTERPRETATIONS OF THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM. By Count Michimasa Soyeshima and Dr. P. W. Kuo. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.

Lectures by a Japanese and a Chinese given on the Harris Foundation, 1925.

OCCIDENTAL INTERPRETATIONS OF THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM. By H. G. W. Woodhead, H. K. Norton, and Julean Arnold. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.

Lectures in the same course by an Englishman and two Americans.

DECAMERON TALES. By Giovanni Boccaccio. J. H. Sears & Co., New York.

Stories from the "Decameron."

MARBLE'S ROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL-GUIDE. By Fred E. Marble. Harper & Brothers, New York. $5.

THE FAITH OF A WORKER. By Rev. Principal L. P. Jacks. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

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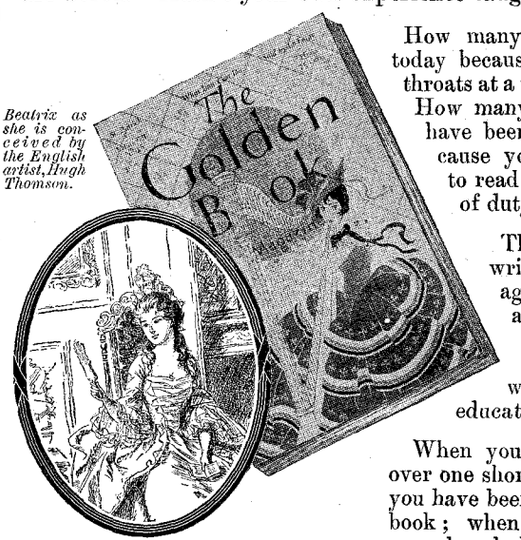

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Among the Contributors to the April Issue are:

W. Somerset Maugham	James Stephens
Georges Clemenceau	O. Henry
Stewart Edward White	Lafcadio Hearn
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RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME

Right now is the time to think about finding a place to live next summer. The most desirable cottages—in fact, all kinds of summer property—are snapped up early, so it will pay you to make your arrangements now. Look over the offers in REAL ESTATE, page 430. They represent really fine opportunities for the far-seeing.

This is a Real Estate Number. The third of a series of four will appear on April 21. If you have property in the market, ask us for rates and information; or let us arrange your copy on approval and quote costs. Write

The Real Estate Section
THE OUTLOOK, 120 East 16th Street, New York

By the Way

A KANSAS general-store owner recently mailed a right-hand cotton glove to three hundred farmers. The farmers were asked to call at the store to receive the left-hand glove. They came—and went home with other things they had bought and paid for.

"Have you heard about Mrs. Baxter walking in her sleep?

"How perfectly absurd, . . . when they have *three* cars!"

The weekly magazine "Liberty" has been barred from circulation in Canada on account of alleged libelous articles about the Prince of Wales and the late Queen Mother Alexandra. The "Daily Mirror" of New York has been excluded as a salacious publication and the Detroit "Times" and New York "Evening Graphic" are being investigated by the Canadian authorities on the same ground. The American plays "What Price Glory?" and "Rain" are banned in Canada, and it is rumored that Anita Loos's book "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" will soon be refused entrance.

"How is Simpson getting along in business?" "Wonderfully; but he's terribly discouraged." "How's that?" "Well, they're so busy filling the shipping orders they haven't any time to hold a conference."

The number of new books printed last year fell off by twenty-six per cent from the total of new titles in 1924. The number of book sales, however, jumped up twelve per cent. . . . A literary magazine places the number of short stories published in the American magazines last year at over twenty thousand. . . . "The Golden Book Magazine" started the idea of printing only "the best-known stories of past and living authors," a portion of which are obtained without cost from the libraries. A number of other magazines followed suit. The latest to go over to the reprint policy is "Ainslee's," one of the oldest of the all-fiction group.

Little Girl: "What do you think, Auntie! There's something running across the bath-room floor without legs!"

Auntie: "Good gracious, child, what is it?"

Little Girl: "Water, Auntie."

Colonel William Mitchell, late storm center of the United States Air Force, lectured recently in Chicago to a nine-tenths empty hall. Fifteen hundred dollars was paid for the rental of the Coliseum and only five hundred of the expected five thousand paid admission to hear the airman's complaints.

"And now, sir," thundered counsel, "tell the Court what you were doing in the interim."

"I never went there," retorted the witness, indignantly; "I stayed in the drawing-room all the evening."

"What makes you look so fatigued?" was asked of a withered-up little man. "Well, it's like this," he replied. "My wife is walking to reduce, and the only time she can do it without attracting the attention of the neighbors is in the evening. She then insists that I go along, even if I'm tired. The past two weeks I have lost eight pounds and she has gained two ounces."

Some one has ascribed the success of the daily picture papers, usually called tabloids, to the fact that pictures can be understood in any language. A large proportion of all the news that is assimilated by the population of our large cities now comes to them

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in the form of pictures. Old-time readers of the New York "Herald Tribune" were shocked two years ago when that paper adopted a daily picture page. It is now rumored that the New York "Times," which has prided itself on its lack of such features, is soon to follow suit. Acquaintances in England tell us that the sedate London "Times" has for a long while printed its page of pictures daily.

Field agents for "The Citizens' Lower Tax League, Inc.," have done a land-office business in soliciting dollar membership fees from those in favor of modification of the Volstead Act, according to the testimony of Bird S. Coler, New York Commissioner of Public Welfare. The agents receive half the dollar as their commission.

The Denver "Post" recently conducted a referendum vote on prohibition sentiment throughout Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Arizona. The final count showed 79,700 against prohibition as against 20,756 in favor of it; and 83,356 in favor of the legalization of the sales of wines and beer to the 18,999 against it.

The "Ohio State Journal" thinks that a slight extension of the lie classification now seems advisable. There are now lies, damned lies, and wet and dry statistics.

The Society of American Florists have presented the author of the phrase "Say it with flowers" with a gold medal and admit that the slogan has increased the sale of flowers by millions of dollars annually.

The Ford Motor Company expects to turn out 10,000 cars a day this year. The Hudson Automobile Company went on a 2,000 daily production basis on February 1. There are between 2,000 and 3,000 Chevrolets turned out daily, 1,500 Dodges, about 750 Chryslers and Buicks, and about 200 Hupmobiles.

The following order was received by a firm of piano-makers:

"Dear Sir: Please send a string for my piano. Have the string tuned to G before you send it, as my husband can put it in, but he can't tune it.—Mrs. X.

"P. S. It's the G on the right side of the piano."

All over the country Charleston marathon contests are being held. Usually four or five of the contestants jig for some thirty hours, and are then carried to the city hospitals in a state of collapse. Silly? Of course. And what an absurdity it is for the cities to allow such contests and then care for the winners at the public's expense!

The following classified advertisement was found in a Seattle newspaper: "Young stenographer wanted to tend telephone and teach Charleston. Box 94. Does this mean the advent of the tired business girl?

A classified advertisement clipped from a recent issue of the New York "Telegram:"

DODGE '24 coupe, special geared car, will carry 20 cases, disc wheels, new cords, complete, sacrifice. Raymond—7359.

Can any little boy tell us why a coupe owner should wish to carry twenty cases?

We hear that Irving Berlin's latest song hit, "Always," was not written on the Leviathan, but in his office last November. When Mr. Berlin and Miss Mackay married and had sailed for England, the publishers dug up the old number and spread the word that it was inspired on the liner. This brought front-page publicity and immediately put it in the best-seller class.

Answer to last week's riddle: "Handkerchief."

Above the beautiful Connecticut Valley

For Sale

"LONG VIEW"

On Main New York-Boston Highway Between Hartford and Springfield

Enfield, Connecticut

"Long View" is an impressive Colonial Mansion of brick in superb condition, containing ten large masters' rooms, modern baths, ample servants' quarters, and garages, equipped with town water, electricity, and steam heat.

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A picturesque park between the road and the house gives an unusual setting.

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One hundred and twenty-five acres of excellent farm and garden lands with good pasturage.

Large and complete Farm Buildings, all adequately equipped.
(Foreman resident in farmhouse)

For full information apply to

HENRY M. CLARK
100 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.

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Room 1001, 84 State St., Boston, Mass.

Wanted—Cartoons

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication

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Special Real Estate Announcements

California

RANCH FOR SALE

One of the best small ranches in northern California, 13 miles from Hollister, near the foothills southwest. 82 acres, 60 nearly level. Very rich valley land. Ample water for irrigating all year, fed by mountain springs. Irrigating system complete with individual plant. We know of no other land of equal merit in this part of the State for sale at the price of $200 per acre.

HORACE LANGDON, Monterey, or
WM. H. LANGDON, Hollister, Cal.

Santa Clara Co.

"Valley of Heart's Delight"

26-ACRE FRUIT RANCH, $25,000

Beautiful location, climate unexcelled, every advantage and convenience. 18 acres fruit and nuts; 8 acres hill pasture. Good buildings and equipment; fine soil.
FRED W. STONE (Oak Knoll Orchard, Paradise Valley), Morgan Hill, Cal.

Canada

SEIZED AND SOLD FOR TAXES

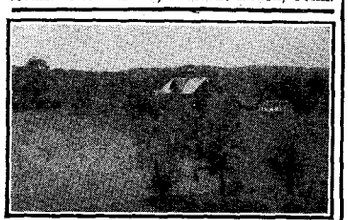
3 acres lake front	$41
7 acres on Georgian Bay	$64
25 acres hunting camp site	$72
100 acres suitable for mixed farming	$124
Mining claim near mines that have paid millions	$234

The very desirable properties listed above are being seized and sold for taxes, together with hundreds of other equally choice parcels of land at merely nominal prices. Many of them could not be bought in the ordinary way at ten times the price. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps for moose, deer, caribou, ducks, partridge, trout, whitefish, bass, etc. Summer homes, heavily wooded lands, for pleasure and investment. Easy monthly payments of $5 upwards. Send for free illustrated list, with complete explanations. Send no money, but send for list today, so you will get first choice.

TAX SALE SERVICE
Room 619, 72 Queen Street West
Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada

Connecticut

Summer cottages for rent and sale. Family resort. No rough element. Excellent for substantial people. White sand beach. Moderate terms. CRUTTENDEN, Crescent Beach, Conn.



CENTRAL CONNECTICUT

Dairy Farm 80 acres, over 60 tillable. Midway between New Haven and Hartford. State road all directions. Unusual group farm buildings, 2 large barns, shop, icehouse, sheds, 3 silos, henhouse, etc. Good 6-room tenant house. Remarkable opportunity summer estate development by building house on sightly hill. Wonderful views, fields large, fruit, timber, asparagus. Water, electricity all buildings. Easy distance trolley, churches, central school, stores, depot. Established milk market, 9¼c. wholesale. Meriden 5 miles. Gross earnings $12,000 yearly. 35 cows, registered Holstein bull, 2 young horses, hay, silage, ice, milking machines, motor, farm tools. $16,000, half cash. Would sell separate. Owner, CLARENCE R. NEWTON, Rockfall, Conn.

FOR SALE

At NORFOLK, CONN.

Summer Residence, Fully Furnished

Small eighteenth-century farmhouse, thoroughly renovated, modern plumbing, electric lights, and telephone, and complete screening; 11 rooms, 2 baths; and coat-room with toilet and lavatory; butler's pantry; large kitchen with excellent range; kitchen pantry and wood and coal shed adjoining; barn and motor shed; independent water supply, ample for several houses. Tract of about 300 acres, with several available sightly building plots; altitude 1,500 ft.; over two-thirds mile frontage on Litchfield Road; two miles from village green. Address
H. A. Cushing, 43 Cedar St., New York

Bungalow, camping or log cabin club site for sale. About 20 acres high wooded land on tidewater between Saybrook and New London. Accessible. Only ½ mile from State road. Address OWNER, Box 306, New London, Conn.

FOR RENT, 5-room Swiss châlet on a **Connecticut** hill. 7 miles from New Haven and the sea. Good water, fireplace, bath, veranda, view. Furnished. Helen F. Newton, Woodbridge, Westville P. O., Conn.

Florida

IN SAN MATEO

EIGHT-ACRE ORANGE GROVE

780 bearing trees, 2,300 boxes last season, well-equipped packing house, extra-nice 7-room house, perfect order, electricity and city conveniences, garage. $17,500. M. MCLAUGHLIN, *broker*, King and St. George, St. Augustine, Fla. References: Presidents of St. Augustine Real Estate Board and Chamber of Commerce.

Maine

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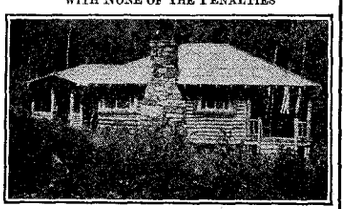

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SPRUCEWOLD LODGE and CABINS
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BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.

Its beautiful situation, charming water and woodland scenery, the tang of its salt air, the cool of the deep woods and ideal "close-to-Nature" life make the **Sprucewood Log Cabin Colony** the favorite of vacationists seeking rest, relaxation, and the zest of outdoor sports.

The delights of sea bathing may be enjoyed in sheltered coves with sandy beaches. Water sports are here at their best—fishing, boating, sailing, canoeing. Other sports greatly enjoyed are golf, tennis, croquet, horseback riding, and tramping over woodland trails.

SPRUCEWOLD, as a summer camp, offers the ideal combination which hundreds are seeking. All the seclusion of the country is here—the quiet—the cleanliness—the relaxation—the freedom and space of the out-of-doors—and yet there is nothing lacking in convenience and comfort. Streets, lights, water, telephones, daily deliveries from the stores—all are available to the "Log Cabin Colony."

To Let, Furnished Cottage

8 ROOMS, bath, practically new, open fire place; attractively located, secluded, fine ocean view, **$250** for season. Also **6-ROOM COTTAGE, $175,** at Squirrel Isle, Me. Electric lights. A. A. SOULE, Augusta, Me.

FOR RENT

FORTUNE ROCKS, Biddeford, Me. Seven-room cottage, beautifully situated, facing ocean. Fully and attractively furnished for modern housekeeping. Electric light, city water, garage. Miss Esther W. Smith, Andover, Mass.

Camden, on the Coast of Maine Seashore, lakes and mountains in ideal combination. Fully furnished summer cottages **for rent** ($500 to $4,000); best selections now. *See ad in Outlook of Feb. 17.* GEO. E. ALLEN, Camden, Me., or J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

CASTINE, ME. FOR RENT OR SALE— New 4-room bungalow with bath, stone fireplace, porch, electric lights, garage. 2 minutes' walk to golf links, tennis courts, and bathing. Also, **FOR SALE—A** 9-room all-year house, bath, electric lights, 2 glassed-in porches, beautiful view, waterfront, short distance from golf links and tennis courts. BURTON B. STOVER.

FOR RENT OR SALE

CHRISTMAS COVE, MAINE

Furnished cottage, 10 rooms, on Maine coast; acre and half; beautiful spruce woods; all shore frontage looking out to sea. Exceptional location. Owner, Mrs. JOHN C. BRIDGMAN. Apply ELLIOT P. BREWER, South Bristol, Me.

For Rent, Christmas Cove, Me.

$400. 10-room summer cottage, facing ocean. Electric lights, hot and cold water. Wide porches. Open fireplace. For information address **Mrs. P. R. COLWELL, The Knox School, Cooperstown, N. Y.**

FOR RENT—RIPLEY POINT, Harrington, Me. 8-room furnished cottage. Shore front; glorious view. $125 for season. Miss L. B. Whittemore, Taunton, Mass.

Herrick's, Me. For rent, furnished bungalow, by month or season. Large living-room, fireplace, 5 bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, private slip, rowboat, garage. Apply Miss Elsie F. Packer, 22 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Maine

FOR SALE

2-story cottage at Isle au Haut Lot fronts on seashore. House cypress finish throughout. Nice summer home for right parties. MRS. GOODEN GRANT, Isle au Haut, Me.

Small hotel, residence, or camp for sale Finest resort house coast of Maine, thoroughly overhauled. Hardwood floors, bath, fireplace; garage for 12 cars with 8 unfinished rooms above. Nice sand beach. **Only hotel,** 20 miles from Portland, 9 miles from Brunswick, good business. Would make nice residence or camp. Will sell cheap. Address **T. F. MOREAU, Lewiston, Me.**

MARANACOOK LAKE. To let, 6-room cottage, nicely furnished, modern improvements. Boat, garage, etc. Address H. H. EDGERLY, 51 Howe St., Lewiston, Me.

NEW HARBOR, ME. 7-room cottage, water front, all improvements, $300 for season; also 6-room cottage, $250 season. Particulars, Mrs. J. M. Holden, 39 Morris St., Everett, Mass.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast. Furnished cottages with or without bath, 2 to 10 rooms. $75 to $500 season. Eva Whitehouse, 136 W. 70th St., New York City.

Pemaquid Harbor, Me. **TO LET**—6-room bungalow. Wonderfully located. Bathroom. Fireplace. Mrs. J. B. Fielding, 10 Wade St., Brighton, Mass.

MAINE Cottages and Farms in PENOBSCOT BAY VALLEY.
ORRIN J. DICKEY, BELFAST, MAINE.

SUMMER HOME

Also bungalow and camps on lake shore. Wood, ice, garage, boats, canoes, tennis, tiled spring. $100 to $300 season. Photos, references.
JAS. E. HARVEY, Readfield, Maine

TO LET—Furnished Summer Cottage at OWL'S HEAD

6 rooms, 4 bedrooms, screened veranda, large breakfast and living rooms. Electric lights, electric stove; also coal and wood stove. Good water, 2-car garage, near post office and store, fine salt-water bathing. Lobster and fish easily obtainable; about 4 miles from Rockland. NELSON B. COBB, Rockland, Me.

Seashore Cottage **Rent for season** 6 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, electric lights; fully furnished. S. W. LITTELL, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Me.

FOR RENT at Southwest Harbor, Me. Large furnished cottage, bath, lights, telephone, and piano. Near garage and two hotels. Apply Box 127, Southwest Harbor, Me.

For Rent SQUIRREL ISLAND, ME. Pleasant cottage, comfortably furnished, beautifully situated among spruce trees, with ocean view. Living-room, dining-room, guest room with lavatory, enclosed sun-porch, screened piazza, on first floor, in addition to kitchen, two maids' rooms and toilet; on second floor four bedrooms and bath-room. $500 for summer season. Address Miss BALLARD, 14 Butler Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Squirrel Island, Me. Desirable 7-room cottage for rent. Electric lights, fine water, large fireplace, fine location. F. J. C. LITTLE, Augusta, Me.

Massachusetts

SEASHORE HOMES IN NEW ENGLAND SUMMER RENTALS—SALES
North and South Shores of Massachusetts
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Fine old house, 12 rooms, fireplaces, electricity, town water and fire protection. Shady lawns, mountain views. 2-car garage, barns, icehouse, and other buildings. 50 acres fertile level meadows and orchards, pasture with trout brook. All in good condition.
A Paradise for Children
BOX 525, AMHERST, MASS.

CAPE COD Longnook Beach Old Truro
Furnished cottages, $235 to $385 for season. Private colony, ocean front. Electric lights, baths, fireplaces, screened porches. L. C. GREENLEAF, Owner, 101 Tremont St., Boston.

CAPE COD TRURO, MASS. Bungalow for rent, among dunes. Near ocean. **$200 season.** Herbert Lloyd, 603 N. Church St., Bound Brook, N. J.

Massachusetts

TRURO, CAPE COD

TO LET FOR THE SEASON:

One **Old Colonial House,** furnished, with 3 master's bedrooms, 2 maids' rooms, kitchen, dining-room, 2 living-rooms, bath-room (modern plumbing), 4 open fireplaces, 2-car garage.

* * * * *

One **Bungalow,** furnished, with large living-room, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, dining-room, kitchen, maid's room. Fine view, excellent bathing. Ocean front. 1-car garage.

Apply by letter to F. A. W.,
190 Bay State Road,
Boston, Mass.

DUXBURY On Powder Point, facing harbor and Plymouth. House, eight rooms, two baths, fireplace, hot-water heat. Porch, garage. Lot 22,000 feet. Sell to close estate. 4,913, Outlook.

For Sale Bungalow, six rooms and bath. Modern conveniences. Suitable for summer or winter. In the Berkshires. Address Box 297, Great Barrington, Mass.

LENOX, MASS.

For Sale, to settle an estate

Small modern hotel. Center of Lenox in the **Berkshire Hills.** 28 rooms, completely furnished, ready to open. Price $28,000; $10,000 may remain on mortgage. Apply to **Geo. A. Mole, *Executor,* Lenox, Mass.**

SEASHORE HOME

MANCHESTER-by-the-Sea, Mass.
Near the "Singing Beach"

Three and three-quarters acres, highly elevated, ocean and country views. House, 21 rooms, 3 baths 5 open fireplaces, hot-water heat, electric lights; large garage. Will be sold furnished at a reasonable figure. **JAMES** W. IRWIN, 33 Prospect St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE—"TARRYAWHILE"

Estate of the late George W. Cable, author, in beautiful Northampton, Mass., seat of Smith College and home of President Coolidge.

Mrs. A. M. BELDEN
Real Estate
82 Harrison Ave. Northampton, Mass.

FOR RENT, FURNISHED
SOUTH WELLFLEET, MASS.

The Arey homestead. 5 bedrooms and bath; large rooms. A typical Cape Cod house, near bathing beaches. $300 for the season. Address ALBERT L. AREY, Roslyn, N. Y.

For Summer Rent. Berkshire foothills. Remodeled farmhouse—century-old tavern. 14 rooms, bath, garage. Stream, bathing-pool, near lake. Large acreage. Fruits, flowers, orchard. Photos. Reasonable. 4,887, Outlook.

Maryland

FOR SALE—WATER-FRONT ESTATE

IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND

400 acres. 100 acres timber, 12 acres oyster beds, 10 acres wild duck pond. Productive soil for tobacco. A self-maintaining estate, with modern buildings, beautiful bungalow of 10 rooms, charming grounds, overlooking Patuxent River, three miles wide, deep water, also sandy beach. Rare estate for fishing, yachting, duck shooting, and entertaining. Other large estates in Maryland or Virginia.
1416 F St. N.W. R. B. FARQUHAR, Jr. Wash., D. C.

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EXETER, N. H.

In and near this old town, famous for schools, we sell town residences and farms.
Ancient house, large rooms, fireplaces, ½ acre in Exeter, **$6,500.**
6 acres, attractive location, 10-room house, beautiful site, **$5,000.**
7-room house, 14 acres, shade trees and orchard, State road, **$3,800.**
Farm of 50 acres, 2 miles out, splendid buildings and location, **$6,500.**
Many places for selection. Inquire
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The Issues of April 21, and May 18 will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the SALE or RENTAL of PROPERTY

New Hampshire

FOR SALE IN

HOLDERNESS, N. H.

An unusual and most attractive estate on D. W. highway, five minutes' walk from village and on hill overlooking Squam Lakes. 600 ft. lake frontage. Main house has ten bedrooms. *Man's cottage.* Both fully furnished. Large garage, boat-house, bath-house, ice-house. Buildings in splendid condition. Hot-air *furnace, elevator.* Electrically lighted. Full particulars and photos on application.
Mrs. N. B. WHITTEN, Real Estate, Holderness, N. H.

White Mountains JACKSON, N. H. **To Rent for Season**

2 furnished cottages on side of Thorn Mt.; *superb* view of Presidential Range and village. 8 and 10 rooms, running water and bath. 10-room house has hot water and piano. $200 and $400.
Isaac L. Goff, 171 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

FOR SALE — Summer cottage directly on ocean front at NEW CASTLE, N. H., five miles from historic Portsmouth. *Cottage has 4 bedrooms,* running water, electricity, fireplace. Address M. P. STANLEY, East Northfield, Mass.

5-room furnished bungalow camp, overlooking New Found Lake. N. H. Fine air, wonderful view, pleasant neighbors. Cobblestone fireplace, bath, garage. $225 season. 4,935, Outlook.

FOR SALE OR RENT. SUGAR HILL, N. H.
WHITE MTS. Picturesque "Satchell Cottage"
WM. E. SATCHELL, Owner, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR RENT—April to October

150-year-old farmhouse, in perfect condition, quaintly furnished. 9 rooms, 3 old fireplaces, porches, modern bath, electricity; large barn and work house. Ideal location for either a residence or an antique shop and tea-room, in neighborhood of fine estates and hotels, near famous Rye Beach. For details write **Miss Killpartrick, 31 Westminster St., Lowell, Mass.**

New Jersey

OWNER WILL RENT charming COTTAGE at AVALON, N. J. All conveniences. 7-mile beach. Artesian well water; good sewer system. Ideal place for children. Address F. St., 3418 Baring S., Phila., Pa.

Will Rent for the Summer

to discriminating parties **furnished home** in most attractive section of **EAST ORANGE, N. J.** House contains 4 rooms first floor, 4 rooms and bath second floor, 3 rooms and storage rooms third floor. **Property 80 x 500 feet.** Use of garage. **Price $800.** 4,979, Outlook.

EAST TRENTON HEIGHTS

Building lots for sale in Hamilton Township, Mercer County, N. J. For full description and terms address ADOLPH GRAEVEN, 201½ Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

For Rent, at Glen Ridge, N. J.

for a year or longer, a delightful residence, conveniently located 1 block from Lackawanna station. 14 rooms, exceptionally well arranged, 3 baths, porches, laundry, good closets, 2-car garage, etc.; electricity, new hot-water heating system; gardens, trees, fine outlook. Offered at moderate rental to reliable family. Write P. O. Box 42, Glen Ridge, N. J.

MORRISTOWN TO LET—May 1, for 6 months. Cool apartment. Comfortable, attractively furnished. Very large living-room, 2 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, 2 porches, fine trees. $150 per month. Garage, if wanted, extra. CHAS. M. BALDWIN-LOUIS L. BROWNE, 542 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City. Tel. Murray Hill 4720.

New York

Adirondack Mountains

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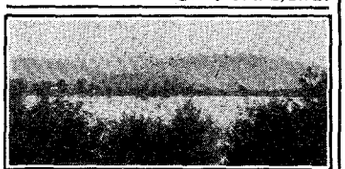

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